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M. SEAMER.

SHAKESPEARE'S STORIES

FÜR SCHULEN

BEARBEITET UND MIT ANMERKUNGEN VERSEHEN.

VON

DR. HEINRICH SAURE.

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ZWEITE AUFLAGE.

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VORWORT ZUR ERSTEN AUFLAGE.

In den vorliegenden "Shakespeare's Stories by M. Seamer" wird der Englisch lernenden Jugend ein erster Schul-Autor geboten, dem mit Rücksicht auf Inhalt und Sprache kaum ein anderer zur Seite zu stellen ist. Diese Stories führen nämlich nicht nur auf leichte und höchst interessante Weise in die Dramen Shakespeare's ein, sondern bilden zugleich eine wirkliche Vorschule zum Studium des Dichters. Die Anstalten, deren Lehrplan es nicht gestattet, das eine oder andere Shakespeare'sche Stück im Original ganz zu lesen, können sich um so eher mit den Stories begnügen, als diese zugleich die sogenannten "Beauties from Shakespeare" enthalten. Werden die Stories (vielleicht nach Absolvierung der Schule) durch die Lektüre des deutschen Shakespeare (ich meine natürlich die Übersetzung von Schlegel und Tieck) ergänzt, so ist schon viel für das Verständnis des großen Briten gethan. Dann wird man auch mit noch weit größerem Interesse den Aufführungen der Shakespeare'schen Stücke folgen, von denen viele der deutschen Bühne dauernd angehören.

Obschon die Stories, ihrer einfachen und anmutigen Sprache wegen, sich ganz besonders zum ersten Schul-Autor eignen, so sind sie doch auf allen Stufen vorteilhaft zu verwenden. Während sie nämlich auf der Unterstufe in die erste zusammenhängende Lektüre eines Schriftstellers einführen, em-

pfehlen sie sich auf der Oberstufe ganz besonders zur Privatlektüre und zur Übung im mündlichen Ausdruck. Anfangs werden die einzelnen Stories katechetisch durchgearbeitet, später vortragsweise von den Schülern wiedergegeben.

Trotz der vielen begründeten Mängel der "Tales from Shakespeare by Lamb", die ja den gleichen Gegenstand behandeln, sind dieselben in Deutschland in mehrfachen Ausgaben erschienen und werden in vielen deutschen Schulen gebraucht. Ein flüchtiger Blick indessen genügt, uns den großen Wert der vorliegenden Bearbeitung recht augenscheinlich zu machen. Die Tales von Lamb, vorzugsweise von seiner Schwester herrührend, sind stilistisch mangelhaft, und ihre Sprache ist vielfach so veraltet, daß z. B. Macaulay leichter in gutes Deutsch zu übertragen ist, als Lamb. (Siehe Tempest und Hamlet, Seite 1.) Die anstößigen Stellen, zu denen das Original oft Anlass giebt, sind nicht vermieden worden (Siehe Hamlet, Seite 1); Cymbeline und einige andere Stücke sind in der Ausgabe Lamb — in höheren Mädchenschulen wenigstens — schlechterdings nicht zu lesen.

Und doch hätte man die in Frage stehenden Stellen mit Leichtigkeit beseitigen können, wie das die Bearbeitung von M. Seamer beweist. Die "Beauties from Shakespeare", welche sich teilweise so gut zum Auswendiglernen eignen, sind bei Lamb (mit Ausnahme von drei Stellen) gar nicht berücksichtigt; ebenso vermissen wir ausser den "Roman Plays" (Julius Caesar und Coriolanus) die sogenannten "Königsdramen", welche uns doch ein vorzügliches Bild der englischen Geschichte jener Zeit geben. Dies ist auch der Grund, warum ich dieselben in meinem englischen Lesebuche durch abgerundete Auszüge mit der englischen Geschichte direkt in Verbindung gesetzt habe.

Die oben erwähnten Mängel der Tales von Lamb haben zu einer neuen Bearbeitung des Gegenstandes geführt und sind, wie dies die englische Kritik allgemein anerkennt, in den Stories glücklich vermieden worden.

Bei Bearbeitung dieses Schul-Autors ist für mich der Standpunkt der Schüler maßgebend gewesen, die eben an die zusammenhängende Lektüre eines Schriftstellers herantreten.

Durch die zahlreichen Anmerkungen, welche besonders für Anfänger berechnet sind, und ein Spezial-Wörterbuch ersetzen sollen, wird den Schülern die Lektüre leichter und nutzbringender gemacht; deshalb ist auch hin und wieder ein ganzer Satz oder der Teil eines Satzes ins Deutsche übertragen worden. Natürlich hat sich der Lehrer am Anfange einer jeden Lektüre-Stunde bei geschlossenem Buche davon zu überzeugen, daß die Schüler sich bei der Präparation die Anmerkungen angeeignet, bezw. auswendig gelernt haben. Durch dieses Verfahren dürfte auch die Frage ihre Lösung finden, ob die Noten am zweckmäßigsten unmittelbar unter dem Texte, oder am Ende des Buches angebracht sind. Selbstverständlich sollte im Interesse der Entlastung und zur Förderung einer guten Aussprache jeder zur Präparation gegebene Abschnitt von den Schülern zuvor ganz gelesen und in der nächsten Stunde ganz übersetzt und dann nochmals gelesen werden. So zeitraubend dies auch anfangs erscheinen mag, so sicher führt dieser Weg doch zum Ziele.

Die in den Anmerkungen gegebene Bezeichnung der Aussprache ist so einfach, daß sie jede besondere Erklärung überflüssig macht; auch ist der Text selbst von Accenten völlig frei geblieben, was wohl den allgemeinen Wünschen entspricht.

Wesel, 6. Mai 1883.

Dr. Saure.

VORWORT ZUR ZWEITEN AUFLAGE.

Die verhältnismäßig rasch nötig gewordene neue Auflage ist mir ein Beweis dafür, daß die Stories sich bereits in vielen Anstalten eingebürgert haben. Von den vielen höchst günstigen Beurteilungen, welche mir zu Gesicht gekommen sind, bringe ich nachstehende an dieser Stelle deshalb zum Ausdruck, weil sie sich über den Gebrauch des Buches in sehr sachgemäßer Weise ausspricht.

„Die Shakespeare's Stories bilden ein vortreffliches englisches Lesebuch für Realgymnasien und höhere Mädchenschulen. Zwanzig Dramen Shakespeare's in geschickter Auswahl werden uns hier auf 150 Seiten in klarer und fesselnder Darstellung vorgeführt mit taktvoller Vermeidung zerstreuer Einzelheiten und anstößiger Szenen. Die reichlich bemessenen und treffenden Anmerkungen ersparen dem Schüler die Mühe des Nachschlagens und ermöglichen ein schnelles und cursorisches Lesen. Das Buch dient offenbar einem doppelten Zwecke: auf einer unteren Stufe, der Tertia eines Realgymnasiums und der zweiten Klasse einer höheren Mädchenschule, gewährt es lehrreiche und unterhaltende Lesestücke zur eingehenden Durchnahme in der Klasse. Für eine höhere Stufe, die Sekunda eines Realgymnasiums und die erste Klasse einer höheren Mädchenschule, eignet es sich vortrefflich zur Privatilektüre und zur englischen Relation. Zu diesem Zwecke sei es bestens empfohlen.“ — Dr. A. Hamann, Oberlehrer an der Luisen-Schule in Berlin und Honorary M. A. of the University of Oxford.

Die neue Auflage hat eine nicht unerhebliche Anzahl von Verbesserungen aufzuweisen, zu denen eine sorgfältige Vergleichung mit dem Original, und in Bezug auf die Citate aus Shakespeare mit dem Texte der Shakespeare'schen Stücke Veranlassung gab. Auf die Korrektheit des Textes ist die äußerste Sorgfalt verwendet worden. Die Anmerkungen erfuhren nur geringe Veränderungen.

Dafs der Preis der zweiten Auflage ermäßigt worden ist, wird der weiteren Verbreitung des Buches gewifs zu statten kommen.

Breslau, Viktoria-Schule, 1. Oktober 1889.

Dr. Saure.

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Lainy

I.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

5. 5. 22.

In the beautiful Italian city of Venice there dwelt in former times a Jew, by name Shylock, who had grown rich by lending money at high interest to Christian merchants. No one liked Shylock, he was so hard and so cruel in his dealings;¹ but perhaps none felt such an abhorrence of his character as a young man of Venice named Antonio.

This hatred was amply returned² by the Jew; for Antonio was so kind to people in distress that he would lend them money without taking interest. Besides, he used to reproach Shylock for his hard dealings, when they chanced to meet. Apparently³ the Jew bore such reproaches with wonderful patience; but could you have looked into his heart, you would have seen it filled with longing⁴ for revenge.

It is not strange to find that Antonio was greatly loved by his fellow-countrymen; but dearest of all his friends was Bassanio, a young man of high rank though possessed of but small fortune.

One day Bassanio came to tell Antonio that he was about to marry a wealthy lady, but to meet the expense of wedding such an heiress, he needed the loan of three thousand ducats.

Just at that time Antonio had not the money to lend his friend, but he was expecting home some ships laden with merchandise; and he offered to borrow the required sum of Shylock upon the security of these vessels.

Ausſprache der Eigennamen: Ant3nio — Balthazar — Bassanio — G3bbo — Gratiano (grāshī-ā-no) — J3ssica — Launcelot (lāhnslot) — L3onārdo — Lore3nzo — N3rīssa — Portia (pāwrshīa) — Salānio — Salarino (rè) — Shylock — St3phano — Tūbal — V3nice.

¹Handlungen, G3schāften, ²to return erwidern, ³scheinbar, dem Anschein nach, ⁴Gehnsucht, Verlangen.

Together they repaired¹ to the Jewish money-lender; and Antonio asked for three thousand ducats, to be repaid from the merchandise contained in his ships. Shylock remembered now all that Antonio had done to offend him. For a few moments he remained silent; then he said:

"Signor, you have called me a dog, and an unbeliever. Is it for these courtesies I am to lend you money?"

"Lend it me not as a friend," said Antonio; "rather lend it to me as an enemy, so that you may the better exact the penalty if I fail."²

Then Shylock thought he would pretend³ to feel more kindly.

"I would be friends with you," he said. "I will forget your treatment of me, and supply⁴ your wants without taking interest for my money."

Antonio was, of course, very much surprised at such words. But Shylock repeated them; only requiring that they should go to some lawyer, before whom—as a jest⁵—Antonio should swear, that if by a certain day he did not repay the money, he would forfeit⁶ a pound of flesh, cut from any part of his body which the Jew might choose.

"I will sign to this bond,"⁷ said Antonio; "and will say there is much kindness in a Jew."

But Bassanio now interfered,⁸ declaring that never should Antonio put his name to such a bond for his sake. Yet the young merchant insisted; for he said he was quite sure of his ships returning long before the day of payment.

Meanwhile Shylock was listening eagerly; and feigning surprise, he exclaimed: "Oh, what suspicious people are these Christians! It is because of their own hard dealings that they doubt the truth of others.—Look here, my lord Bassanio. Suppose Antonio fail in his bond, what profit would it be to me to exact the penalty? A pound of man's flesh is not of the value of a pound of beef or mutton! I offer friendship, that I may buy his favour. If he will take it, so,⁹ if not, adieu."

But still Bassanio mistrusted the Jew. However, he could not persuade his friend against the agreement,¹⁰ and Antonio signed the bond, thinking it was only a jest, as Shylock said.

¹to repair sich begeben, ²to fail (die Bezahlung) unterlassen, nicht Wort halten, ³vorgeben, sich stellen, ⁴erfüllen, abhelfen, ⁵scherzeshalber, zum Scherz, ⁶to forfeit verwirken, ⁷Schuldverschreibung, ⁸sich einmischen, dazwischentreten, ⁹gut, abgemacht, ¹⁰Abmachung, Vertrag.

The fair and beautiful lady whom Bassanio hoped to marry lived near Venice; and when her lover confessed that,—though of high birth,—he had no fortune to lay at her feet, Portia prettily said that she wished herself a thousand times more fair, and ten thousand times more rich, so that she might be less unworthy of him. Then, declaring that she gave herself to be in all things directed and governed by him, she presented Bassanio with a ring.

Overpowered with joy at her gracious answer to his suit,¹ the young lord took the gift, vowing² that he would never part with³ it.

Gratiano was in attendance upon⁴ his master during this interview; and after wishing Bassanio and his lovely lady joy, he begged leave to be married also; saying that Nerissa, the maid of Portia, had promised to be his wife, should her mistress wed⁵ Bassanio.

At this moment a messenger entered, bringing tidings from Antonio; which Bassanio reading, turned so pale that his lady asked him what was amiss.⁶

“Oh, sweet Portia, here are a few of the most unpleasant words that ever blotted paper,” he said. “When I spoke of my love, I freely told you I had no wealth, save the pure blood that runs in my veins; but I should have told you that I had less than nothing, being in debt.”

And then Bassanio gave the history of Antonio’s agreement with Shylock the Jew. He next read the letter which had been brought: “Sweet Bassanio—My ships are lost: my bond to the Jew is forfeited; and since in paying it it is impossible I should live, I could wish to see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love for me do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.”⁷

Then Portia said such a friend should not lose so much as a hair of his head by the fault of Bassanio, and that gold must be found to pay the money; and in order to make all her possessions his, she would even marry her lover that day, so that he might start at once to the help of Antonio.

So in all haste the young couple were wedded,⁸ and also their attendants, Gratiano and Nerissa. Bassanio immediately set out for Venice, where he found his friend in prison.

¹Bitte, Bewerbung, ²to vow geloben, ³sich trennen von, ⁴Begleiter, Gefährte (Gr.), Dienerin (N.), ⁵heiraten, ⁶unrecht, verfehrt, nicht recht, ⁷zu ergänzen: persuade you, ⁸to wed verheiraten.

The time of payment was past, and the Jew would not accept the money offered him: nothing would do¹ now, he said, but the pound of flesh! So a day was appointed for the case to be tried before the duke of Venice; and meanwhile the two friends must wait in anxiety and fear.

Portia had spoken cheeringly to her husband when he left her, but her own heart began to sink² when she was alone; and so strong was her desire to save one who had been so true a friend to her Bassanio, that she determined to go to Venice and speak in defence of Antonio.

There was a gentleman dwelling in the city named Bellario, a counsellor, who was related³ to Portia; and to him she wrote telling the case, and begging that he would send her the dress which she must wear when she appeared to defend the prisoner at his trial.⁴ The messenger returned, bringing her the robes of a counsellor, and also much advice as to how she should act; and, in company of her maid Nerissa, Portia started upon her errand,⁵ arriving at Venice on the day of the trial.

The duke and senators were already in court, when a note was handed⁶ from Bellario saying that, by illness, he was prevented pleading for Antonio; but he begged that the young and learned⁷ doctor Balthasar (for so he called Portia) might be allowed to take his place.

The duke marvelled at the extremely youthful appearance of this stranger, but granted Bellario's request; and Portia, disguised in flowing robes and large wig, gazed round the court, where she saw Bassanio standing beside his friend.

The importance of her work gave Portia courage; and she began her address to Shylock the Jew, telling him of mercy:

"The quality of mercy⁸ is not strained;⁹
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown."

¹ genügen, ² mutlos werden, verzagen, ³ verwandt, ⁴ Verhör, Gerichtsverhandlung, ⁵ Auftrag, Verrichtung, Geschäft, ⁶ to hand überreichen, ⁷ gelehrt (zweifilbig), ⁸ Gnade, Barmherzigkeit, ⁹ to strain zwingen, erpressen. — Die Barmherzigkeit ergießt sich, vermöge ihrer freiwilligen, nicht beschränkten oder erpressten Natur, wie der milde Regen vom Himmel auf die Erde fällt. — Sie ist mit zwiefachem Segen ausgestattet. für den Geber und für den Empfänger. (Delius).

But Shylock's only answer was, that he would insist upon the penalty; upon which Portia asked if Antonio could not pay the sum. Bassanio then publicly offered the payment of the three thousand ducats; the hard Jew still refusing it, and declaring that he would take nothing but the promised pound of flesh.

Bassanio was now terribly grieved, and asked the learned young counsellor to "wrest¹ the law a little."

"It must² not be—there is no power in Venice³ can alter a decree established," said Portia. Shylock, hearing her say this, believed she would now favour him, and exclaimed: "A Daniel⁴ come to judgment! O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!"

He never guessed what was coming, when the young counsellor gravely asked to look at the bond. She read it, and declared that the Jew was lawfully entitled⁵ to the pound of flesh, but once more she begged him to take the offered money, and be merciful.

It was in vain to talk to Shylock of mercy. He began to sharpen a knife; and then Portia asked Antonio if he had anything to say. He replied that he could say but little; and prepared to take leave of his well-beloved Bassanio, bidding him tell his wife how he had died for friendship.

In his grief, Bassanio cried out that, dearly as he loved his wife, even she could not be more precious to him than Antonio's life; and that he would lose her and all he had, could it avail⁶ to satisfy the Jew.

"Your wife would give you little thanks for that, if she were by⁷ to hear you make that offer," said Portia; not at all angry, however, with her husband for loving such a noble friend well enough to say this.

Then Bassanio's servant exclaimed that he had a wife whom he loved, but whom he wished were in heaven, if, by being there, she could soften the heart of Shylock.

At this, Nerissa—who, in her clerk's⁸ dress, was by Portia's side—said, "It is well you wish this behind her back."

But Shylock was impatient to be revenged on his victim, and cried out that time was being lost. So Portia asked if the scales⁹ were in readiness; and if some surgeon were near, lest Antonio should bleed to death.

¹verdrehen, ²darf, ³die Auslassung des Relativs im Nominativ ist in Prosa nicht statthaft; sie kommt am häufigsten nach there is, there are vor. ⁴der Prophet Daniel wurde wegen seiner Weisheit hoch gepriesen, ⁵berechtigt zu, ⁶von Nutzen sein, ⁷zugegen, ⁸clerk (spr. Klerik), Schreiber, Secretair, ⁹die Wage.

"It is not so named in the bond," said Shylock.

„It were good you did so much for charity," returned Portia.

But charity and mercy were nothing to the Jew, who sharpened his knife, and called upon¹ Antonio to prepare. But Portia bade him tarry;² there was³ something more to hear. Though the law, indeed, gave him a pound of flesh, it did not give him one single drop of blood; and if, in cutting off the flesh, he shed one drop of Antonio's blood, his possessions were confiscated by the law to⁴ the State of Venice!

A murmur of applause ran through the court at the wise thought of the young counsellor; for it was clearly impossible for the flesh to be cut without the shedding of blood, and therefore Antonio was safe.

Shylock then said he would take the money Bassanio had offered; and Bassanio cried out gladly, "Here it is!" at which Portia stopped him, saying that the Jew should have nothing but the penalty named in the bond.

„Give me my money and I will go!" cried Shylock once more; and once more Bassanio would have given it, had not Portia again interfered. "Tarry, Jew," she said; "the law hath yet another hold⁵ on you." Then she stated that, for conspiring against the life of a citizen of Venice, the law compelled him to forfeit all his wealth, and his own life was at the mercy of the duke.

The duke said he would grant him his life before he asked it; one half of his riches only should go to the state, the other half should be Antonio's.

More merciful of heart than his enemy could expect, Antonio declared that he did not desire the Jew's property, if he would make it over⁶ at his death to his own daughter, whom he had discarded⁷ for marrying a Christian.

Shylock agreed, and begged leave to go away, and the court was dismissed, and the duke departed, bidding Bassanio reward the able young counsellor who had done so much for his friend. But Portia would not take the three thousand ducats offered her, so Bassanio besought her to say what she would accept; and she asked for his gloves, promising to wear them for his sake; and—for the sake of jesting with him when she made herself known as his wife—she said she should like the ring he wore upon his hand.

¹to call upon auffordern, ²zögern, warten, ³sei; indirekte Rede, ⁴für, zum Besten, Vorteil, ⁵halt, Gewalt, (Angriffspunkt), ⁶vermachen, übertragen, ⁷to discard verweisen, verstoßen.

Bassanio replied he could not let her have that, for his wife had given it, and he had vowed¹ never to part with it; at which Portia feigned to be affronted.² Then Antonio entreated his friend to let their young counsellor have the ring, because of the great service he had rendered them, and Bassanio yielded; but as Portia had already left the court, he sent Gratiano after her with it. Nerissa had also given him a ring; and as he approached upon his master's errand, she begged it of him, and obtained it.

They laughed together to think of the jest they should have against their husbands when they returned home without the rings they had promised to keep for ever; and they had not long to wait for Bassanio soon arrived, bringing his friend Antonio.

Hardly were the introductions³ and welcomes over when Nerissa and Gratiano were heard disputing; and asking the cause, it was found that Gratiano had given Nerissa's ring to the clerk who was in attendance on the young counsellor who had pleaded in the court of Venice.

Then Portia, to carry out⁴ the jest, told him he was to blame, and that she knew her lord Bassanio would not have parted with her ring for all the world.

To excuse himself, Gratiano exclaimed, "My lord Bassanio gave his ring away unto the judge that begged it, and deserved it too."

Of course Portia affected to be very angry, and Antonio reproached himself as the cause of all this unhappiness; upon which she showed the ring, and confessed that she had been the young counsellor, and Nerissa the clerk, and that she had ventured⁵ to disguise herself in order to plead⁶ Antonio's cause. They were now all very merry and happy; and Bassanio was more proud than ever of his wife, who by her wisdom and courage had saved his friend from the cruel revenge of the Jew.

¹to vow geloben, versprechen, ²to affront beleidigen, ³introduction Vorstellung, ⁴durchführen, zu Ende führen, ⁵to venture wagen, ⁶verteidigen.

II.

THE TEMPEST.

8.6.22

Upon a lonely island of the sea, far from the haunts¹ of humanity, there dwelt an old man and his beautiful daughter. She had been very young when she was taken² there, so young, that she could not remember ever having seen a human face, excepting the face of Prospero, her father.

Their home was in a rocky cavern, which was divided into two or three apartments, and in one of these the old man kept his books, which treated of a strange art, much thought of in olden time. It was called magic;³ and it is said that by this means⁴ Prospero had released many good spirits which a bad witch named Sycorax had managed⁵ to confine⁶ in the hollow trunks of large old trees, just because they would not do the wicked things she commanded.

One of these released spirits had the pretty name of Ariel; a lively⁷ little sprite,⁸ who, in gratitude to Prospero, was always ready to do his will. But Ariel had a dislike⁹ to a monster called Caliban,—the son of wicked Sycorax,—and took great pleasure in tormenting him.

Though Prospero found this ugly Caliban in the woods, and took him home to his cavern, treating him with great kindness, it seemed impossible to teach him anything really useful; so at length

Aussprache der Eigennamen: Adrian (á)—Aloñso—Antōnio—Ariel (ári-ël)—Cāliban—Ceres (cèriz—) Ferdinánd—Francísco—Goñzalo—Iris(írīs)—Júno—Miránda—Próspěro—Sēbāstian—Stěphano—Sýcōrāx—Trínculo (u = u).

¹ Aufenthalt, Wohnsitz, ² to take bringen, ³ Zauberkunst, Magie, ⁴ dadurch, ⁵ veranstalten, ⁶ einschließen, einsperren, ⁷ lebhaft, munter, ⁸ Geist, ⁹ Widerwillen, Haß.

he was put to draw¹ water and carry wood, while Ariel watched to see how he executed these duties.

Ariel was such a delicate sprite that no mortal's eye could perceive him save the eye of Prospero; and thus, when Caliban was lazy, he was not able to see that it was Ariel who would pinch² him and tease³ him, or else take some fantastic shape and tumble⁴ in his way and so vex him, as a punishment for not doing the will of Prospero.

Strange as it may seem, this old man of the island could get⁵ the spirits to rouse⁶ the winds and the waves at his pleasure. Once, when a violent storm was raging, he showed his daughter Miranda a ship quite full of human beings, whose lives were in peril from the surging⁷ waves. "Oh, dear father", cried the maiden, "if indeed your power has raised this storm, have pity on these poor creatures, and calm⁸ the wind. If I could, I would rather sink⁹ the sea beneath the earth, than have¹⁰ the ship and so many lives destroyed."

"No person on board the vessel shall be harmed," said Prospero, soothing¹¹ her alarm. I have done this for your sake¹², Miranda. You wonder—ah! you know not who you are, or whence you came; in fact, you only know that I am your father, and that this cavern is our home. You were scarce three years old when I brought you here; you cannot then remember any previous¹³ time?"

"Yes, my father, I can," replied Miranda.

Then Prospero entreated her to say what remembrance she had of the days of her infancy.

"It is but little," said the maiden. "It seems indeed like unto a dream, and yet surely there was a time when several women were in attendance on¹⁴ me."

"That is quite true," replied Prospero. "How can you recall this?—can it be possible, that you remember our coming here?"

"No, I can recall nothing more than I have said, father."

Upon this Prospero decided that the time had come when he should tell his daughter the story of her life. "Twelve years ago, Miranda," he began, "I was duke of Milan,¹⁵ and you the heiress¹⁶

¹schöpfen, schleppen, ²kneifen, zwicken, ³plagen, quälen, ⁴sich stürzen, ⁵zu etwas bringen, bewegen, vermögen, ⁶erregen, aufregen, ⁷to surge wogen, wallen, hoch aufsteigen, ⁸(fahm) beruhigen, stillen, ⁹versenken, ¹⁰lassen, ¹¹to soothe besänftigen, ¹²for—sake um—willen, ¹³vorhergehend, früher, ¹⁴to be in attendance on bedienen, ¹⁵milan oder milán, ¹⁶äress Erbin.

of my wealth and a princess. I had a brother younger than myself, to whom I trusted the management¹ of my affairs, little dreaming of his unworthiness. Buried among my books, I neglected all else, and Antonio used this opportunity to gain an influence over my subjects; and then, with the aid of an enemy of mine (the king of Naples), to make himself duke in my place.

"He feared² to take our lives by violence, but having forced³ us on board a vessel, Antonio put out to sea,⁴ and then removing us into a smaller boat without sail or mast, left us to what he believed would prove a certain death.

"A lord of my court, by name Gonzalo, had, however, felt some presentiment of danger, and thus had, out of his love for me, taken the precaution of putting food, apparel, and my highly-valued books into the boat."

"Oh, father," said Miranda, "what a care, what a trouble must I, a little child, have been to you then!"

"Nay, my child," replied Prospero, passing his hand fondly over her hair; "not a care, but a comforter,⁵ a consoler! I could hardly have borne up⁶ under such misfortunes, but for⁷ your innocent face and baby⁸ tongue. Our food lasted till the boat touched this island; and here my great joy has been to watch over and instruct you."

"But tell me, father, why this furious storm?" cried Miranda.

"By this storm my cruel brother and the king of Naples are cast ashore upon this island."

As he spoke these words Prospero touched his daughter with his magic wand,⁹ and her eyes closed in sleep.

Just then Ariel came to his master to tell how he had treated the company on board the ship, describing their great alarm, and how the young Ferdinand, son of the king, had leaped into the sea, to the grief of his father, who believed him lost. "But he is not lost," said Ariel. "He is sitting now in a corner of the island, with not one hair of his head injured; but he is grieving¹⁰ sadly, because he concludes¹¹ that the king, his father, has been drowned."

"Bring the young prince hither, Ariel," said Prospero. "Where is the king, and where my brother Antonio?"

¹ Führung, Leitung, ² to fear sich scheuen, Bedenken tragen, ³ zwingen, mit Gewalt bringen, ⁴ auslaufen, in See stechen, ⁵ Trösterin (Erquickerin, Helferin), ⁶ to bear up ausdauern, es aushalten, ⁷ ohne, wenn nicht gewesen wäre, ⁸ kindlich, ⁹ Zauberstab, ¹⁰ to grieve sich bekümmern, traurig sein, ¹¹ schließen, folgern, glauben, annehmen.

"Searching for Ferdinand," replied the sprite. "Searching with a very faint hope, for they believe they saw him perish. In fact, although all the ship's company is safe, each believes himself the only survivor; and even the ship is invisible to them, though it lies in the harbour."

"Thy duty has been well done," said Prospero. "There is more work yet for thee, Ariel."

"More work!" cried the sprite. "But, master, you promised me my liberty; and pray remember I have done you good service. I have made no mistakes, told no lies, neither have I murmured at the commands laid upon me."

"How now?"¹ said Prospero. "Do you forget from what I freed you? Do you forget Sycorax, the wicked witch? Where was she born?—tell me, Ariel."

"Sir, she was born in Algiers."²

"Was she?" said Prospero. "Now let me remind you of something which methinks you have forgotten. Sycorax was for her wicked witchcraft³ banished from Algiers, and left upon this lonely island by some sailors; and because you were not able to obey her commands, she shut you up in a hollow tree. Do you forget that I found you howling there, and set you free?"

Ariel was ashamed of having seemed ungrateful. "Pardon me, dear master," he said. "I will continue to obey your orders."

"Do so, and then I will set you free," said Prospero; and having received his directions, Ariel went off to where Ferdinand sat upon the grass with a sad countenance.⁴

"Come, young gentleman," said the sprite. "Come, and let the lady Miranda have a sight of you;" and he began to sing this song, which gave Ferdinand news of his father, and roused him from his silent grief:—

"Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,⁵
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.⁶
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:⁷
Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong,⁸ bell."

¹nun? warum das? was soll das heißen? ²äldjèrz, ³Hexerei, ⁴Gesicht, Miene, ⁵verwelken, vergehen, ⁶alles Vergängliche an ihm wird durch den Einfluß des Meeres in etwas Kostbares und Seltenes verwandelt, wie z. B. die Augen in Perlen (Delius), sea-change die durch die See bewirkte Veränderung, ⁷Totenglocke, ⁸bim bim; klingling.

Following the sound of Ariel's sweet voice, Ferdinand found himself in the presence of Prospero and Miranda, who stood under the shade of a large tree.

"O father," cried the maiden, who had never before seen any human being besides Prospero, "surely this must be a spirit coming toward us?"

"It is a young man who was one of the company in the ship," said Prospero. "He is in great grief, which somewhat lessens the beauty of his features. Having lost his companions, he is wandering in search of them."

Ferdinand now saw with amazement and delight the beautiful Miranda, and he began to address her as if she had been the goddess of an enchanted island.

She replied that she was but a simple maiden and no goddess, and would have given an account of herself, had not Prospero interrupted her. He foresaw that these two young people would become much attached to each other, and therefore resolved to throw many difficulties in Ferdinand's way, that he might prove the strength and constancy of his affection.

"I will bind you hand and foot," he cried. "Shell-fish,¹ acorns, withered roots shall be your food, and salt sea-water your only drink."

"No," cried Ferdinand, drawing his sword; "I will resist such entertainment²—at any rate³ until I am overcome by some more powerful enemy than yourself."

At this Prospero raised his magic wand, which completely fixed Ferdinand to the spot, so that he could not move!

"O father, be not so unkind," cried Miranda, clinging to the old man. "Have some pity on him, for indeed it seems to me that he is good and true."

"Silence, girl. You think much of this youth because you have seen no comelier⁴ form than mine; but I tell you there are others who in person excel him as far as he excels in beauty the monster Caliban."

Then, turning to the prince, Prospero cried, "Come, young sir; you have no power to disobey me."

And Ferdinand found himself compelled to follow the old man into the cavern, although he turned once and again to gaze upon Miranda. "In truth, this man's threats would seem as nothing to me," he sighed, "if only I might from my prison behold this fair maid."

¹ Schalthiere, ² Bewirtung, ³ in jedem Falle, ⁴ comely anmutig, lieblich.

Ferdinand was not confined¹ very long; he was brought out and set to some laborious task, while Prospero from his study watched both the young man and Miranda.

The prince had been ordered to pile up² some heavy logs of wood, and soon the maiden saw him half-fainting beneath his burden. "Pray, rest," she cried; "my father will for three hours be at his studies. I entreat you not to work so hard."

"Dear lady, I dare not rest," said Ferdinand; "I must finish my task."

"Sit down and I will carry the logs for a while," said the maiden; but Ferdinand would not have it so, and so she began to assist him, though the business went on but slowly because they were talking together.

But Prospero was not among his books, as Miranda thought; he was quite close³ to them, although invisible, and he smiled as he heard his daughter tell her name, and smiled again as Ferdinand professed his great love and admiration for her.

"I fear I am talking too freely. I have forgotten my father's command," said Miranda at last.

And here Prospero nodded his head, and said to himself, "My daughter will be queen of Naples."

They had not talked long, before Miranda had promised to be the bride of Ferdinand; and then her father no longer concealed his presence, but made himself visible to the eyes of these young people. "Be not afraid, daughter," he said; "I have heard all that has passed, but I approve it. — As for you, Ferdinand, if I have been hard, it was but to try if you were worthy of my child; and by giving her to you I make amends⁴ for it all."

Calling his attendant, Ariel, Prospero left them, saying he had business to attend to⁵; which business was to hear how the sprite had been tormenting and frightening his master's brother and the king of Naples. When they were weary and well-nigh⁶ famished, he set a delicate banquet before them; but only to appear again as a monster, who carried the untasted food away. Then he spoke to them, still in the form of a harpy,⁷ and reminded them of the shameful way in which they had treated Prospero and his little child, adding that in punishment this shipwreck had befallen them.

The king and Antonio were greatly distressed at this; and Ariel

¹to confine einsperren, gefangen halten, ²aufhäufen, aufschichten, ³nahe, ⁴Ersatz, ⁵besorgen, verrichten, ⁶beinahe, fast, ⁷härpy, Sarphe (a hideous rapacious monster, half bird and half woman).

declared that though he was but a sprite, he could not but pity them, their grief seemed so sincere.

"Bring them here," cried Prospero. "Bring them quickly, my good Ariel; for if you feel for them, much more should I who am a human being, such as they, take compassion on them in their misfortune, and freely¹ forgive the past."

So Ariel brought the king and Prospero's brother into his presence; and with them came Gonzalo, who had proved his love for his master by putting food and apparel into the boat in which he had been left to the mercy of the winds and waves.

When Prospero spoke to Gonzalo, and called him the preserver of his life, Antonio knew this old man must be his own much-injured brother, and he began to implore his pardon with many tears; the king also asked forgiveness for the part he had taken against him.

Prospero assured them that he freely forgave all; and, opening a door, he showed them Ferdinand, who was engaged in a game of chess with Miranda. What joy was this to the father and son; both of whom believed the other had been lost in the storm.

The king of Naples was astonished at the beauty of Miranda. "Is this a goddess," he asked, "who parted² us that she might bring us together?"

"Not a goddess," answered Ferdinand, smiling. "A fair maiden, whom I have asked to be my bride. She is the daughter of the duke of Milan, who, in giving her to me, has made himself my second father."

"Then I must be her father," said the king. "And first, I must ask her forgiveness."

"Not so," interrupted Prospero; "let us rather forget the past, and think only of the happy present." And then, embracing his brother, he declared that all his troubles had been over-ruled³ by Providence; as but for⁴ their meeting on the desert island, perhaps Ferdinand would never have known and loved Miranda.

The ship was safe in harbour, the sailors were on board, and the whole company intended to depart together in the morning; but for that last evening they partook of some refreshments in the cavern, which was so soon now to be deserted, while Prospero gave them the story of his adventures.

Before he left the island he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the joy of the active sprite, who loved liberty above all else.

¹freiwillig, ²to part trennen, ³beherrschen, leiten, ⁴ohne.

“But, master, I shall attend your passage home, and get for you prosperous winds; and then how merrily I’ll live.” And at this Ariel broke into a sweet song, which went like this:—

“Where the bee sucks,¹ there suck I:
 In a cowslip’s² bell I lie;
 There I couch³ when owls do cry.
 On the bat’s back I do fly
 After summer merrily:⁴
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.”⁵

Prospero’s last act was to bury all his magical books and his wand; for he meant to have nothing more to do with the art, but to spend the rest of his life in his native land, watching over the welfare of his people, and at peace with all the world.

As soon as the party reached Naples, the marriage of Ferdinand and Miranda took place with much splendour, thus completing the happiness of Prospero, now again duke of Milan, but whom we have learned to know as the old man of the island.

¹to suck saugen, ²Schlüsselblume, ³liegen, ⁴Ariel fliegt auf dem Rücken einer Fledermaus hinter dem forteilenden Sommer her, ⁵ist.

Lainig

III.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

When Theseus was reigning as duke in the city of Athens, there came an old man named Egeus, complaining that his daughter Hermia refused to marry the husband he had chosen for her, saying in excuse that she loved one¹ Lysander.

Now there existed a law in Athens that the citizens could compel² their daughters to marry whom they pleased,³ or even put them to death should they continue⁴ obstinate;⁵ and Egeus demanded that the duke should execute this law against Hermia.

In excuse, Hermia pleaded⁶ that Demetrius, the husband of her father's choice, had won the love of her dear friend Helena; but Theseus could not depart⁷ from the laws of Athens, and he said that if at the end of four days Hermia continued her refusal, she must be put to death.

Lysander was much distressed⁸ when Hermia told him of her peril; but remembering that he had an aunt living so far from Athens that she was not subject to its laws, he proposed that his fair lady should leave her father's house during the silence and darkness of the night, and arriving there, be married to him. Having appointed⁹ a meeting in a wood, the lovers were separating, when Helena approached; and to her the secret was confided, little supposing that she would reveal it to Demetrius.

Aussprache der Eigennamen: Bóttom (bóttum)—Cóbweb—Dēmètrius—Egeus (ē-djé-us)—Flute (flood)—Hēlēnā—Hērmiā—Hippólýtā—Líon—Lýsānder—Moonshine—Mōth—Mústard-Seed—Ōbēron—Pēasblossom—Phílōstrāte—Puck—Pýramus—Quince—Snout—Snug—Stärveling (stáhrvling)—Thēsè-us (s = þ) —Thísbē—Titánia—Wall.

¹ einen gewissen, ² zwingen, ³ to please belieben, ⁴ verharren, bleiben, ⁵ hartnäckig, ⁶ zur Entschuldigung, zur Verteidigung anführen, ⁷ abgehen, abweichen, ⁸ betrübt, ⁹ festsetzen, bestimmen.

"I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her,"

was her determination.

Now the wood in which Lysander and Hermia had planned to meet was a favourite haunt¹ of Oberon and Titania, the fairy king and queen, who with their train held midnight revel² there; but, unfortunately, just then the tiny³ royal pair were always quarrelling, so that their attendant elves would⁴ creep into the flower-bells⁵ and acorn cups⁶ trembling with fear. This disagreement⁷ had begun by Titania refusing to give up a little boy whom she had stolen from his nurse, and whom Oberon wanted among his own courtiers.

"Give me your little changeling⁸ boy to be my page," the fairy king would say; and speaking thus upon the night when the lovers were to meet in the wood, Titania proudly answered him, —

"Set your heart at rest:⁹
The fairy-land buys not the child of me."

Oberon was very angry; and resolving to avenge himself by teasing¹⁰ her, he summoned his favourite, Puck, to arrange how to accomplish this purpose.

Never, never, was there a sprite¹¹ as mischievous as this one! Vainly would the dairy-maid¹² try to bring¹³ her cream to butter while Puck danced in the churn;¹⁴ terrible pranks,¹⁵ too, he would play in the brewing of the ale; and then, perchance,¹⁶ he would pull some old dame's three-legged stool from beneath her, and listen delightedly to the laughter of her friends.

"My gentle Puck, come hither," said Oberon to his favourite; and he began to tell how there was a certain little flower called by maidens "love-in-idleness,"¹⁷ the juice¹⁸ of which, sprinkled¹⁹ on the eyelids of those who slept, would make them love the first thing they might behold on awaking. When bidden to seek this flower, and return speedily, Puck cried, —

¹ Aufenthalt, ² Lustbarkeit, ³ tyny winzig, ⁴ pflegten, ⁵ Blumenfeld, ⁶ Eichel-
näpfchen, ⁷ Uneinigkeit, ⁸ untergeschoben, ⁹ beruhige dich, ¹⁰ to tease quälen, plagen,
ärgern, ¹¹ Geist, ¹² Milchmagd, ¹³ verwandeln, machen, ¹⁴ Butterfaß, ¹⁵ Pöffen,
Streiche, ¹⁶ von ungefähr, ¹⁷ Stiefmütterchen, Dreifaltigkeitsblume (in der Volks-
sprache; sonst pansy, heart's-ease; franz. pensée*), ¹⁸ Saft, ¹⁹ to sprinkle
sprengen.

*) Das Stiefmütterchen, *Viola tricolor*, heißt in Warwickshire, also in
Shakespeare's Heimat, Love-in-Idleness, Lieb' im Müßiggang. (O. L. B. Wolff.)

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth,
In forty minutes;"¹

and away he went, while Oberon remained, thinking how he would squeeze² some drops of this marvellous juice on Titania's eyelids, and, while she was under its influence, get the boy from her to be his page.

Presently his fairy majesty saw Demetrius enter the wood, with Helena following him, even though he bade her begone³ and spoke angrily when she reminded him how dearly he had once loved her. Oberon listened, and began to feel sorry for this maiden, to whom Demetrius had been so faithless; and when Puck returned with the flower, he resolved to try and use it to make her happy once more.

Soon the sprite appeared, and Oberon held out his hand for the "love-in-idleness," saying, —

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme⁴ blows,⁵
Where oxlips⁶ and the nodding⁷ violet grows,
Quite over-canopied⁸ with luscious⁹ woodbine,¹⁰
With sweet musk-roses¹¹ and with eglantine:¹²
There sleeps Titania some time of the night,
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamelled¹³ skin,
Weed¹⁴ wide enough to wrap¹⁵ a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak¹⁶ her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies."

He also bade Puck find the disdainful¹⁷ youth Demetrius, and, if sleeping, drop the juice on his closed lids, that awaking he might see Helena, and feel his love for her return.

In another part of the wood Titania's fairy maidens were singing her to sleep, and these were the words which fell so tune-fully¹⁸ from their lips: —

¹ Puck spricht nicht von dem, was er jetzt thun will, sondern was er sich getraute zu thun, wenn Oberon seine Schnelligkeit auf die Probe stellen wollte (Delius). ² pressen, quetschen, ³ wegzugehen, sich zu entfernen, ⁴ Thymian, ⁵ blühen, ⁶ Schlüsselblume, Gartenprimel, ⁷ to nod nicken, ⁸ überdeckt, ⁹ üppig, vollsaftig, dunkel, ¹⁰ Waldwinde, wildes Saissblatt, ¹¹ Moschusrosen, ¹² Heckenrose, wilde Rose. Aussprache: eglantine soll nach den meisten Orthoëpisten églantīn gesprochen werden; James Donald verlangt jedoch die letzte Silbe lang (īne) wie auch hier der Reim. Franz.: églantine. ¹³ gleißend (mit Schmelz, Glasur überzogen), ¹⁴ Gewand, Kleid, ¹⁵ einhüllen, ¹⁶ streifen (bestreichen), ¹⁷ geringschätzig, ¹⁸ wohlklingend, melodisch.

"You spotted snakes with double¹ tongue,
 Thorny² hedgehogs,³ be not seen;⁴
 Newts⁵ and blind-worms⁶, do no wrong,
 Come not near our fairy queen.
 Philomel,⁷ with melody
 Sing in our sweet lullaby;⁸
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby;
 Never harm,
 Nor spell⁹ nor charm,¹⁰
 Come our lovely lady nigh;
 So good-night, with lullaby."

Unobserved, Oberon crept up to the little queen, and pressed the flower on her eyelids, saying,—

"What thou seest when thou dost wake,
 Do it for thy true-love¹¹ take."

But we must go back to Hermia, who, having managed¹² to escape from her father's house was resting in the wood, while Lysander, a little removed, kept guard over her. After a while sleep fell upon him, for he was weary; and Puck approaching just then, fancied he must be the cold and disdainful lover of whom Oberon had told him, and accordingly applied the little purple flower to his closed eyes. Now, had Lysander, on awaking, looked first on Hermia, all would have been well; but instead of her, his glance fell upon Helena, who had wandered that way; and forthwith¹³ all his love went out to her, and he began to say that, compared with Hermia, she was as a dove to a raven.

When poor Hermia awoke, there was no Lysander near, and in great fear she began to search for him in the wood. Oberon, meanwhile, had heard from Puck that he had applied the charm to the wrong person, so seeing Demetrius sleeping, he had himself touched his eyes with the juice; and thus it happened that when the young Athenian awoke, he beheld Helena followed by Lysander, speaking loudly of his love for her.

When Demetrius also began her praises, Helena thought it some jest arranged between these two young men and Hermia, and bitterly she reproached her for her unkindness.

¹doppelt, gespalten, ²dornig, stachelicht, ³Ägel, ⁴läßt euch nicht sehen,
⁵Molch, ⁶Blindschleiche, ⁷=the nightingale, ⁸Wiegenlied, ⁹Zauber, Zauber-
 spruch, ¹⁰Zaubermittel, ¹¹Geliebter, ¹²einrichten, ¹³so gleich.

"Oh, is it all forgot?

All school-day friendship, childhood innocence?

We, Hermia, like two artificial¹ gods,

Have with our needles created both one flower,

Both on one sampler,² sitting on one cushion,

Both warbling³ of one song, both in one key."⁴

And thus the poor lady went on, describing how closely she and Hermia had been united in past days, and adding that it was neither friendly nor maidenly⁵ to make sport of⁶ her.

Hermia was, of course, amazed, and declared that it was she rather who was badly treated by Helena; and they kept on arguing⁷ and quarrelling, while Demetrius and Lysander went apart to fight with each other for the love of Helena. The fairy king had heard all this disagreement, and calling Puck, told him it was his fault for⁸ mistaking Lysander for Demetrius. He bade the sprite overhang the night with a thick fog, so that the two angry men should lose their way, and wander in and out, till at length they slept from simple weariness. When this was accomplished, Puck was to drop the juice of another flower upon Lysander's eyes, by which he should be made to forget Helena and love Hermia as fondly as before; and thus each lady should be happy, and think that all which had occurred was but some evil dream. This being arranged, Oberon went in search of his little queen Titania, who was still sleeping; and seeing a poor foolish clown⁹ close by, he, for mischief's sake,¹⁰ put the head of an ass over the clown's head, which fitted on¹¹ to his shoulders as if it had grown there.

When Titania opened her eyes, the juice of the little purple flower began to take effect, so she called the clown with his ass's head beautiful, and talked to him as if she loved him dearly. Oberon, finding her thus, made her promise him the little boy he had so long coveted¹² for a page, and then threw some of the juice of the other flower upon her eyes, so that the little queen recovered her right mind, and became quite amiable to her husband, who took the ass's head from the clown's shoulders, and left him to sleep in peace.

The fairy king now told Titania the history of the lovers, and together they went to the place where Puck had contrived¹³ to

¹funsterfahren, ²Muster, Stickmuster, ³wirbeln, zwitschern, singen, ⁴Schlüssel, Ton, ⁵mädchenhaft, sich für ein Mädchen schickend, ⁶zum Besten haben, ⁷to ärgere disputieren, ⁸weil er, ⁹Bauer, Tölpel, ¹⁰späßeſshalber, poſſenhalber, ¹¹paſſen, reichen, ¹²to covet, cůvĕt, begehren, ¹³eſ anſtellen, zu Wege bringen.

bring them together and send them into a deep sleep. Awaking, Lysander found that no one was so dear to him as Hermia, while Demetrius made Helena happy by declaring his love for her; so the two fair ladies became friends again, and forgot all the unkind thoughts they had entertained towards each other. Demetrius then proposed to return to Athens, to beseech Egeus to pardon Hermia, and recall the sentence of death he had passed on her; but just as he was preparing to go, Egeus appeared in the wood, having come to seek his daughter. When he found that Demetrius no longer desired to marry her, he readily consented that she should wed Lysander in four days from that time; and the same morning was to witness the nuptials of Helena and her lover.

The good little fairies were so delighted to see the happiness of these mortals, that they held high festival¹ in their kingdom, rejoicing that, through Oberon's good offices, all sorrow seemed to have been but a "Midsummer-Night's Dream."

¹ Festtag, Fest.

IV.

CYMBELINE.

In the old times, when our country was called Britain, a king reigned whose name was Cymbeline. He had three children, whose mother died while they were still very young. Imogen, the eldest, was brought up¹ at her father's court; but the two boys had been stolen out of their nursery,² nor could Cymbeline discover any trace of how they were taken away.

The king's second wife was a very unkind stepmother to Imogen. Yet, as the girl grew up to womanhood, the queen wished to arrange her marriage with her own son, so that he might succeed to the crown upon Cymbeline's death. But there was one named Posthumus, a gentleman and a scholar,³ whom Imogen loved. They had played together as children, studied under the same masters as they grew older, and at length married without speaking to any one on the subject.⁴ But the queen found some way of discovering this secret; and, in her anger and disappointment,⁵ she hastened to tell Cymbeline, who was full of indignation against his daughter. His first act was to banish Posthumus for ever from Britain, which was, of course, a terrible grief to Imogen; and the queen then pretended⁶ to pity her, and offered to help them to meet privately⁷ before he set out on his way to Rome, where he intended to reside.

Imogen and Posthumus never suspected that the queen had any secret design in this affected kindness, and they were glad of this

Aussprache der Eigennamen: Arvirágus—Bélárius—Cáius Lúcius (c = sh)—Clōten—Cornèlius — Cŷmběline—Guiderios (ghidèrius)—Hělën — Īächimō (ch = k)—Īmögĕn (g = dj) —Lēōnátus (Pósthūmus)—Philáριο—Pisánio (s = þ).

¹to bring up erziehen, ²Kinderstube, ³Gelehrter, ⁴Sache, Angelegenheit, ⁵Enttäuschung, ⁶heucheln, sich stellen, als ob, ⁷im Geheimen.

opportunity of meeting for a last farewell. Imogen gave to her husband a ring which had belonged to her own mother; while Posthumus fastened a bracelet on her arm, begging her never to part with this token of his love. Meanwhile the queen resolved to persuade Imogen that hers was not a real marriage, but one which could be justly set aside, so that she might freely listen to the suit¹ of her own son Cloten.

So Imogen remained alone and sorrowful in her father's palace, while Posthumus took up his abode at Rome. There he fell into the company of other young men; and on one occasion, when each in turn praised the beauty of some lady whom he loved, Posthumus declared that none was so fair, so virtuous, so justly beloved as his sweet lady, Imogen. Among the party was one named Iachimo, who, being vexed² at this praise of a woman of Britain, tried to provoke³ Posthumus by feigning⁴ to doubt that she truly loved him, and at last induced him to permit a great trial of constancy,—even that he, Iachimo, might journey to the distant country where she lived, and try to gain her affection. So sure did Posthumus feel, so thoroughly did he believe in Imogen's sincerity, that he had no fear of the test;⁵ and a wager⁶ was laid that Iachimo should lose a large sum of money if he was not successful; but should he win the lady's favour, he was to receive the ring which she had given to her husband at parting.

Arriving in Britain, Iachimo easily found admission to the presence of Imogen, because he called himself the friend of Posthumus; but, as soon as he began to tell her of his own love, he found there was no hope of gaining his purpose. But Iachimo was wicked⁷ enough to think of a way of deceiving Posthumus and pretending to have won the love of gentle⁸ Imogen. He bribed⁹ her servants with a large sum of money to put him in a trunk,¹⁰ and thus carry him into her chamber, so that when she was sleeping he might come out of his hiding-place and note down in a book the appearance of the room, and even take from Imogen's arm the bracelet which Posthumus had clasped¹¹ there when they parted.

This accomplished, the base Iachimo set off directly for Rome, and, showing the bracelet, persuaded Posthumus to believe that Imogen had given it him. As he described the ornaments of the

¹ Gesuch, Bewerbung, ² geärgert, ³ herausfordern, reizen, ⁴ sich stellen, ⁵ Prüfung, Probe, ⁶ Wette, ⁷ (zweifelhaft) gottlos, ⁸ sanft, zart, edel, ⁹ bestechen, ¹⁰ Koffer, Kasten, Kiste, ¹¹ anhaften (anlegen).

lady's room Posthumus listened doubtfully, for it was possible that Iachimo might have heard so much from others; but when he saw his own gift to Imogen, he broke out in passionate complaint of her falseness, and gave up to Iachimo the ring she had placed upon his finger.

That done, Posthumus wrote to a friend in Britain, telling him how Imogen had been proved false; and, in his first hot anger, he ordered this man, Pisanio, to take her to Milford Haven and destroy her life. Dearly as Posthumus had loved his fair young wife, his rage was such that he felt death was the only fitting punishment for such conduct as hers; and, to persuade her to accompany Pisanio, he wrote a letter representing that he would himself be at Milford Haven¹ to meet her.

Poor Imogen had no suspicion that Posthumus was deceiving her, — she never thought in what a treacherous way her bracelet had been removed,² though she was greatly troubled³ by its loss; so she prepared in all haste for her journey, thinking joyfully of meeting him she loved so much. When she reached the appointed place, and found it was death, not happy life, which was prepared for her, she was terribly afflicted; and Pisanio pitied her, and tried to make her believe that Posthumus would find out he had been unjust in his suspicion of her. He also advised⁴ Imogen to disguise herself by putting on the apparel of a boy, so that thus she might more safely travel about the country until she found some suitable shelter, where she would be secure from the queen and her son Cloten, who still desired to win her hand.

Pisanio could not any longer remain with the sorrowful young lady, for he was required⁵ at court; but when he left he gave her a phial⁶ containing some cordial,⁷ which the queen, he said, had told him was a remedy for all kinds of disorders. In giving this phial to the faithful Pisanio, the queen really believed she had given him a poison which would destroy life; but it was only some simple drug⁸ which caused sleep for a few hours. Having done all he could for the fair Imogen, Pisanio left her, with many earnest prayers to Heaven for her safety; and, strangely enough, the lady unconsciously took her way to the dwelling where her own brothers had lived since their disappearance when they were infants! They

¹ Seestadt in Wales am Sanct-Georgs-Kanal (Trische See), ² entfernt, weggebracht, ³ to trouble beunruhigen, bekümmern, ⁴ to advise raten, ⁵ to require verlangen, ⁶ phi-äl Fläschchen, ⁷ Herzstärkung, stärkender Trank, ⁸ Apothekerware, Arzneitränk.

had been stolen by one of Cymbeline's lords named Belarius, who thought thus to be revenged on the king for an act of injustice. But, though carried away in anger, he had loved the little children, and had reared¹ them with all tenderness. Though they lived in a forest cave, they were not uneducated, and grew up into fine youths, fond of hunting and other sports, and desirous above all else of going to the wars.

At this lonely cave, then, did Imogen arrive, apparelled² as a boy. No one was there, but she saw food, and, in fatigue and hunger, she sat down and began to eat. While thus engaged,³ Belarius and his adopted sons came home; but they stopped at the entrance of the cave, wondering at the exceeding beauty of their unknown visitor.

As she heard their voices, Imogen rose and said:

"Good masters, harm⁴ me not:

Before I entered here I called; and thought⁵

To have begged, or bought what I have took:⁶ good troth,⁷

I have stolen nought, nor would not,⁸ though I had found

Gold strewed i'⁹ the floor. Here's money for my meat:¹⁰

I would have left it on the board,¹¹ so soon

As I had made my meal; and parted

With prayers for the provider."¹²

But when they refused her money Imogen thought they were very angry with her, and added that she should have died if she had not ventured¹³ to take the food.

Belarius then asked the name of their visitor; and Imogen called herself Fidele, and told them that she had been travelling on to Milford Haven, there to meet a kinsman.¹⁴ At this, Belarius and the two youths bade Imogen welcome; and when she helped them to prepare their supper they marvelled at her skill, believing her to be a boy. Next time they went to hunt, Fidele excused herself from accompanying them because she was not well; and, indeed, grief had caused her indisposition, for her husband's unkindness had greatly distressed her. When she was left alone Imogen drank the cordial Pisanio had given her, and soon sank into a deep sleep, in which she looked like one dead.

¹to rear erziehen, aufziehen, ²gekleidet, ³beschäftigt, ⁴zu Leide thun, ⁵to think beabsichtigen, ⁶= taken, ⁷troth Wahrheit, Treue, good troth wahrhaftig, ⁸die doppelte Verneinung hat hier, wie sehr oft bei Sh., nur die Bedeutung einer einfachen Verneinung, ⁹in = on, ¹⁰meat Fleisch, Speise, Nahrung, ¹¹Tisch, ¹²Beforger, Lieferer, der es geliefert hat, ¹³to venture wagen, ¹⁴Verwandter.

When the hunters came in, they believed their visitor was in a heavy slumber, and pulling off their shoes trod softly; but finding that there was no movement in the prostrate¹ form, they began to lament over her as one dead. Then carrying her to a shady spot, the youths laid their unknown sister upon the grass, covering her with flowers and leaves, and went home very sorrowful.

But while Imogen was left alone, she awoke from the effect of her sleeping draught;² and shaking off the leaves and flowers which had been thrown on her, rose up under the impression that she had been dreaming.

Not being able to find her way back to the cave, and seeing nothing of Belarius and his adopted sons, she began once more her weary pilgrimage towards Milford Haven, trusting³ to get thence to Italy, and, seeking Posthumus, regain his confidence and love.

All this time Imogen did not know that a war was going on between the Romans and the Britons, and that a party of the invaders, among whom was Posthumus, was advancing into the very forest through which she was making her way!

In coming thus to Britain, Posthumus desired not to fight against his own people. Unhappy at the thought of Imogen's falseness, grieving, too, over her death caused by his own order, he cared little whether he fell in battle or was condemned by Cymbeline for having left his place of exile.

Before Imogen reached Milford Haven she fell in with⁴ the Roman army, and had no difficulty in getting appointed⁵ page to one of their generals. Polydore and Cadwal (her unrecognized brothers) had now joined the king's army, little knowing he was their own father; and with them was Belarius, eager to fight although age was creeping upon⁶ him.

A great battle took place, in which the success of the Britons was due to the valour of the two forest youths, who rescued the king at a perilous moment, and thus turned the fortunes⁷ of the day.

Posthumus then gave himself up,⁸ as one who deserved punishment for having returned from banishment. Imogen and the general to whom she was page were also brought before Cymbeline as prisoners; as well as Iachimo, who had been in the Roman army.

¹próstrāte oder prósträt ausgestreckt, am Boden liegend, ²þr. draht, Trunk
³in der Meinung, im Vertrauen, ⁴to fall in with antreffen, zusammentreffen mit, ⁵to get appointed ernannt werden zu, angestellt werden als, in Dienste treten als, ⁶beschleichen, ⁷Geschick, Ausgang, ⁸sich ergeben.

Strangely enough, as this little group stood in the royal presence awaiting their sentence, Belarius with Polydore and Cadwal came in, to be rewarded for their services; and Pisanio was present in attendance¹ on the king. Imogen saw thus before her her lost husband; but he did not recognize her in her male attire. She saw also Iachimo; but she did not know it was he who had caused all her troubles, so she wondered to see on his finger her own diamond ring.

Pisanio knew his mistress, for it was he who had put her boy's apparel on her. Belarius and the two forest youths also saw it was the Fidele whom they believed dead.

Lucius, the Roman general, spoke first, declaring himself ready to die, but asking the life of his young page, who was a Briton. At this, Cymbeline looked earnestly at the fair youth, whom he little thought was his own daughter, yet whose face, he said, seemed familiar to him; moreover, it pleased him, and so he readily granted the request, and even gave the supposed page his permission to make one request of him.

Fixing her eyes on Iachimo, Imogen begged that he should be made to confess how he had obtained the ring which sparkled on his finger; and when Cymbeline commanded him to speak, the base man made a full acknowledgment of all his wicked plot, which had brought such sorrow upon Imogen. At this Posthumus started forward to own to² the cruel sentence of death for the gentle lady which he had intrusted to Pisanio, crying aloud, in his grief at the thought of her innocence and untimely end, "O Imogen! my queen, my life, my wife!"

No longer could Imogen bear to witness her husband's remorse, no longer could she suffer him to think her dead, and rushing forward in her page's dress she told him she was his own Imogen, who freely³ forgave him all the wrong he had done her!

Overcome with joy at finding his daughter, Cymbeline bestowed his pardon upon her husband; and also upon old Belarius, who thought this a fitting time to bring forward the two lads and declare them the king's sons, whom he had stolen in their infancy from motives of revenge.

Every one was happy—too happy to think of punishing even the wicked Iachimo, who knelt before the much-deceived Posthumus and bade him take his life.

¹ Gefolge, Dienst, Aufwartung, ² sich bekennen zu, ³ ohne Rückhalt, gern, willig.

"Kneel not to¹ me," said Posthumus. "The power that I have on you is to spare you, the malice towards you to forgive you. Live, and deal with² others better."

The bad queen was taken ill, and died more from despair than from any other cause, having failed in her wicked plans; and her son Cloten was slain in some miserable quarrel. But those who deserved happiness won it; and a peace was concluded between the Romans and the Britons which remained uninterrupted for many years; and these were the words in which Cymbeline proclaimed it: "Publish we this peace to all our subjects. Set we forward: Let a Roman and a British ensign wave friendly together."

¹ vor, ² behandeln, umgehen mit.

Lainy

V.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

In olden time, when France was divided into dukedoms, there reigned one who had deposed his brother, the rightful ruler, and driven him into banishment.

With friends who made themselves exiles for his sake, the good duke retired to the forest of Arden.¹ Though in the summer time the life was pleasant enough, the cold winter blasts² were trying³ to endure; but every difficulty was borne by him with much patience, and he was even wise enough to perceive that adversity teaches many lessons which men would fail⁴ to learn in prosperous times.

“Sweet are the uses⁵ of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;⁶
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,⁷
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

The banished duke had one daughter, whose name was Rosalind; but her uncle, when he took the throne, had kept her at his court

Aussprache der Eigennamen: Adam (ádam)—Amiens (á)—Audrey (áwdri)—Celia — Charles (tsharlz) — Corin — Dennis — Frederick — Jaques (djäcks)—Le Beau (lē bjuh)—Oliver (ó)—Orlando—Phebe (fèbē)—Rosalind — Silvius—Touchstone—William.

¹the Forest of Arden der Ardennerwald (gegenwärtig: the Ardeennes, französisch auszusprechen), ²Wind, ³schwierig, angreifend, ⁴verfehlen, ermangeln, unterlassen, ⁵Nutzen, Vorteil, ⁶es war ein zu Shakespeare's Zeiten vorherrschender und von ihm und gleichzeitigen Dichtern vielfach benutzter Volksglaube, daß die Kröte einen kostbaren Stein im Kopfe habe, der ein spezifisches Mittel gegen jedes Gift sei. (O. L. B. Wolff.) ⁷Besuch, Umgang, Aufenthalt.

to be a companion to his own child Celia, who loved her well, and showed her all possible kindness.

Sometimes thoughts of her father's troubles would make Rosalind very sad; and at such moments her cousin strove to cheer her and turn her mind to more happy subjects. In those days wrestling¹ was a very favourite amusement, even among princes; and ladies of high rank were wont² to go and look on.

One day both Celia and Rosalind went to witness a great match,³ which seemed likely to end sadly enough, for the combatants were a tall and powerful man, and so slight⁴ a youth that it was thought he must surely be killed.

By the request of her father, Celia entreated the young stranger not to run so great a risk; and Rosalind also pleaded⁵ with him. Yet it was in vain; for he was determined to try his skill against this formidable opponent, and said, "If I am killed, there is one dead that is willing to die. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me."

However, in spite of their fears and his apparent want of strength, the youth was victorious; and the Duke Frederick was so pleased with his skill that he asked his name and whence he had come.

The stranger said that he was Orlando, son of the deceased Sir Rowland de Bois, who had been a faithful subject of the banished duke. At these tidings all Duke Frederick's admiration turned to anger, and he went away; though he said that he wished Orlando had been son to some man of whom he thought well.

Seeing that the stranger appeared troubled by this evident displeasure, the ladies spoke kindly to him; and Rosalind gave him a chain from her own neck, because he was the son of one who had been her own dear father's faithful friend and subject.

Now Frederick had been for some time feeling a dislike⁶ to his niece; and he chose this moment of his ill-humour to bid her leave his palace, and follow her father into banishment. Nay, he even said that if at the end of ten days she should be found within the distance of twenty miles from his court, she should die for the offence.⁷

Celia, who loved her cousin dearly, began to plead for⁸ her, saying, —

¹wrestling (réssling) das Ringen, der Ringkampf, ²wont (wunt) gewohnt; to be wont pflegen, ³Partie, Kampf, Wettkampf, ⁴klein, schwächlich, ⁵sprechen, zu überreden suchen, ⁶Abneigung, Widerwille, ⁷Vergehen, ⁸verteidigen.

“If she be a traitor,
 Why, so am I; we still¹ have slept together,
 Rose at an instant, learned, played, eat together,
 And wheresoe’er we went, like Juno’s swans,
 Still we went coupled and inseparable.”

However, as Frederick would not suffer Rosalind to remain, Celia determined to accompany her; and together they left the palace, in the silence and darkness of night, to seek the forest of Arden.

To disguise themselves, Rosalind was dressed as a young country boy, and Celia as a shepherdess. They intended to pass² as brother and sister; and one took the name of Ganymede,³ the other of Aliena.⁴

It was a weary⁵ journey. Even the so-called Ganymede, who had tried to cheer the spirits of his pretended sister, grew so weary⁶ that he at last confessed he was ready to cry;⁷ for though they had reached the forest of Arden, they knew not whereabouts⁸ to find the father of Rosalind.

Fortunately a shepherd met them, who said his master’s house was going to be sold, else they could have had refreshment and rest there. But the disguised ladies had sufficient money to purchase the dwelling, where they could stay until they found in which part of the forest the duke might be.

They little supposed that the brave young wrestler⁹ Orlando was in the forest, driven there by the cruel enmity of his elder brother, who had resolved to burn the chamber wherein he slept. Happily an old servant overheard¹⁰ the plot, and cautioned¹¹ his dear young master to escape; providing him with money earned in long years of attendance¹² upon Sir Rowland. So Orlando and his old servant had journeyed to the forest, reaching the very part where the duke and his friends had made their dwelling. He came upon¹³ them as they were about to dine, and, in his extreme hunger, would have possessed himself of their food by force, had not the duke asked him if distress had caused him to forget good manners,—a reproof¹⁴ which moved the young man to beg pardon. But he would not eat when invited, until his faithful servant had been refreshed.

¹stets, immer, ²gelten, ³Gänymēde, Ganymed (the cup-bearer of Jupiter),
⁴Aliena, ālī-é-nā, lat., bedeutet: die Fremde, ⁵mühsam, beschwerlich, ⁶müde,
⁷weinen, ⁸wo herum, ⁹Ringkämpfer, ¹⁰to overhear behorchen, belauschen, ¹¹to
 caution warnen (raten,) ¹²Bedienung, ¹³stoßen auf, ¹⁴Vormurf, Verweis.

"There is an old poor man,
 Who after me hath many a weary¹ step
 Limped² in pure love: till he be first sufficed,—
 Oppressed with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
 I will not touch a bit."

When the duke found who Orlando was, he gladly welcomed him as one of his followers.

The two ladies observed with some surprise that the name of "Rosalind" was carved³ on the forest trees here and there; and one day they met Orlando with the chain on his neck which Rosalind had given him.

He did not know her in her disguise as the boy Ganymede, who began to laugh at the name cut upon the bark of the trees, and wondered⁴ who had done it; but Orlando confessed that it was he who had thus traced the name of a fair lady whose gentle⁵ courtesy⁶ had won his heart.

After this meeting, Orlando went often to visit at the cottage where the ladies dwelt; and time passed very happily. One morning, as he went, he perceived a man lying asleep on the ground, round whose neck a large green snake had twisted⁷ itself. Seeing Orlando approach, it glided⁸ away. But a lioness was watching the sleeper; and looking closely,⁹ Orlando saw it was his own cruel brother Oliver!

At first he felt as if he would leave him a prey to the wild beast, but brotherly feeling was stronger than his anger;¹⁰ and drawing his sword, Orlando slew the lioness, and delivered Oliver, who, awakening to his peril,¹¹ besought his forgiveness for the past.

In the encounter¹² Orlando's arm had been much torn; and as the wound bled profusely, he found himself too weak to walk on to Ganymede's house, and therefore sent his brother to say how he was prevented.¹³

When Oliver came back, he told Orlando that his friend Ganymede had been overcome by sorrow on hearing of his disaster. He went on to praise the fair Aliena, saying that he could desire nothing better than to gain her love, and remain in the forest as a shepherd, resigning his property to his brother.

¹mühsam, beschwerlich, ²to limp hinken, ³to carve einschneiden, ⁴war neugierig (begierig) zu wissen, ⁵fein, ⁶Höflichkeit, Artigkeit, ⁷winden, ⁸gleiten, schleichen, ⁹genau, ¹⁰Zorn, Ärger, Verdruß, ¹¹erwachend und zum Bewußtsein der Gefahr kommend, in der er schwebte, ¹²Gefecht, Kampf, ¹³to prevent verhindern (nämlich: from coming).

Orlando advised him to get the pretty shepherdess to consent, and to have the wedding at once. So Oliver paid a second visit to Aliena; while Ganymede came to see how Orlando was progressing.¹

In speaking of the love his brother felt for Aliena, Orlando said how happy he should be if he were to be united at the same time to the fair lady Rosalind; to which Ganymede listened gravely, and then declared he could bring the event to pass² by the aid of magic!

Orlando could hardly believe that this was possible. But Ganymede said, "Put on your best clothes, and bid the duke and your friends to the wedding; for if you desire to be married tomorrow to Rosalind, she shall be here."

Next day Oliver and Aliena came into the presence of the duke, and Orlando accompanied them. But there was no Rosalind; and hearing the story of the shepherd-boy's promise, the duke was astonished to find that such a plan had been made for his own daughter, though he promised that he would consent to the wedding if indeed she appeared.

Then Ganymede slipped³ away, and casting off the disguise, came back as the true Rosalind, accompanied by Aliena in her own character of Celia; and then followed the story of their journey to the forest, and the life they had passed⁴ there.

Though they had none of the parade⁵ and magnificence which would have attended a marriage at the ducal court, it was a happy wedding-day they spent under the forest trees; and in the midst of the rejoicing, a message came to say that the dukedom was restored to its rightful owner. For though, when Celia left her home, Duke Frederick had called together his soldiers, and resolved to seize his brother, he had been met in the forest by a good old hermit, who convinced him of the wickedness of his design, and exhorted him to give up all the lands and revenues he had seized so unjustly.

¹to progrès fortſchreiten, ²zu Wege, zu Stande, in Erfüllung, ³to slip ſchlüpfen, ⁴zubringen, führen, ⁵Gepränge.

VI.

TWELFTH NIGHT.¹

In Thessaline² there dwelt a brother and a sister who were twins, and so much alike that no one would have been able to tell them apart,³ but for⁴ the difference in their dress.

While making a voyage by sea, a violent storm disabled⁵ the ship and only a few of the company were safely brought to land, among whom was Viola, who bitterly mourned⁶ because she had lost her dear twin-brother Sebastian. The captain tried to comfort her by saying that he had seen Sebastian lash⁷ himself to a strong mast, and that perhaps he might be borne up⁸ on the waves, and so save his life. This gave Viola some hope, and she began inquiring about the coast of Illyria where she had landed, and who was its governor.

The captain replied that one named Orsino ruled there; and that he loved a fair lady Olivia, who, having lost her brother by death, shut herself up in lonely grief, refusing to look at any man.

As she listened to this story Viola began to wish that she might dwell with this lady, so she asked if it were possible to see

Aussprache der Eigennamen: Andrew Ague-Cheek (ándrū ágū) — Andreas Fiebermange — Antônio Clown (flaun) — Cúrio — Fābian — Malvōlio — Măriä — Olīvia — Orsino (sè) — Sēbāstian — Tōby Belch (tsch) — Vālentīne — Viōlä.

¹ Twelfth Night, der heilige Drei-Königs-Abend (twelfth-day, oder twelfth-tide, der zwölfte Tag nach Weihnachten, Epiphania). Dieser Titel soll, nach der gewöhnlichsten Erklärung, davon herrühren, daß Shakespeare das Stück für die Studierenden des Inner Temple zur Feier des Drei-Königs-Abends gedichtet habe. (O. L. B. Wolff, Familien-Shakespeare.) ² eine, wie es scheint, sonst nicht gebräuchliche Form für Thessaly, Thessalien. Das Stück spielt in Syrien, Illyria. ³ to tell apart gesondert erkennen, also: unterscheiden, ⁴ ohne, ⁵ to disable reedelos (dienstunfähig) machen, ⁶ to mourn trauern, klagen, sich grämen, ⁷ binden, ⁸ to bear up tragen, stützen.

her; but it seemed that this would be most difficult to accomplish, as orders had been given that no stranger should be admitted within her dwelling.

Then Viola formed a plan of getting into the duke's service disguised as a page; for being alone in a strange country, she knew not where to go. So begging the kind captain to befriend¹ her, she gave him money to purchase suitable apparel for her; and when dressed, she looked exactly like her missing² brother Sebastian.

Viola was presented to Orsino as a page named Cesario; and he willingly took her into his service, and she became his favourite attendant.

It was not long before³ Orsino had told his supposed page the history of his love for Olivia, how much he had endured for her sake, and how she grieved⁴ him by refusing to see him.

As he told this tale again and again, Viola felt her heart moved to pity for her master; nay, she began to wonder how any lady could be so blind to his good qualities as to treat his love with coldness.

The grave courtiers thought the young page an unsuitable companion for the duke; nor were they wrong in this, for Orsino lost all interest in his usual sports, and became slothful⁵ and effeminate, as he spent his whole time in talking with Cesario.

Many messengers had been sent at different times, praying to see Olivia, with some word from the duke, but one and all had been refused admittance.⁶ So now Orsino begged Viola—or rather we should call her Cesario—to go to the fair lady's house, and refuse to leave it till an audience had been granted.

“Say⁷ I do speak with her, my lord, what then?”

said the page; and the duke bade her tell how constant and how devoted was his love.

Viola went off on this errand;⁸ yet not willingly, for she was beginning to feel some affection for the duke herself, though in her assumed character of page no one suspected it.

When Olivia was told that a youth asked speech of her, and would not be denied,⁹ his determination roused her curiosity: for

¹ als Freund behandeln, begünstigen, unterstützen, ² fehlend, vermisst, verloren, ³ es dauerte nicht lange, bis . . . , so . . . , ⁴ fränken, betrüben, ⁵ slothful (ō oder ö) träge, unthätig, ⁶ Accusativ des Object's beim Passiv des Verbs, ⁷ = suppose, if, ⁸ Botschaft, Auftrag, ⁹ to deny versagen, abweisen, to be denied sich abweisen lassen.

the servant said, "I told him you were sick; he takes on¹ him to understand so much and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What's to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial."

Olivia at length arranged her veil to cover her face, and gave permission for this importunate² young page to enter; and after asking if she was indeed the lady of the house, Viola said, "Good madam, let me see your face."

Not very unwillingly Olivia complied, for she knew she was beautiful, and she began to give a mock³ description of herself: "*Item*,⁴ two lips, indifferent red; *item*, two gray eyes, with lids to them; *item*, one neck, one chin, and so forth."

Then Viola declared the love of the duke, her master; but the fair lady was quite unmoved, and answered, —

"Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate,⁵ of fresh and stainless⁶ youth;
In voices⁷ well divulged,⁸ free learned, and valiant;
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took⁹ his answer long ago."

So Viola had to go back to the duke with this message, but not before Olivia felt a great admiration for the handsome young page; and, seeking to win his love despatched a servant after him with a diamond ring, pretending it was a present from Orsino, which he had left behind.

Viola, of course, knew that her master had sent no ring at all by her, and she guessed¹⁰ that the lady Olivia had begun to love her, believing her indeed a page: she began to think she had been wicked in thus disguising herself, if it were to bring unhappiness to others.

When Orsino heard that the lady desired he would¹¹ trouble her no more, he still persisted in thinking he should win her, and bade his page return to her next day. Then, by way of¹² amusement to pass the time, he sent for a musician to sing this song to him: —

¹to take on one's self, = to pretend, to profess. Er behauptet, daß er das bereits wisse (Delius). ²zudringlich, ³spöttisch, scherzhaft, ⁴item, dergleichen, ⁵Vermögen, Besitz, ⁶fleckenlos, ⁷Gerücht, Ruf, ⁸wohl gerühmt, ⁹=taken, ¹⁰to guess vermuten, erraten, ¹¹möge, ¹²zum Zweck; um sich zu unterhalten.

"Come away, come away, death,
 And in sad cypress let me be laid:
 Fly away, fly away, breath;
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
 My shroud¹ of white, stuck all with yew,²
 Oh, prepare it!
 My part of death, no one so true
 Did share it.³

"Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
 On my black coffin let there be strown;
 Not a friend, not a friend greet
 My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
 A thousand thousand sighs to save,⁴
 Lay me, oh, where
 Sad true-love never find my grave,
 To weep there!"

Viola looked a little sad as the melancholy song ended, for she was beginning to know what it is to love; and she told the duke that her father had a daughter who felt for a man what he felt for the lady Olivia. The duke could not imagine she was speaking of herself, for he did not suspect his page to be a woman, and he asked for the story. Then Viola said, —

"A blank,⁵ my lord. She never told her love,
 But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
 Feed on her damask⁶ cheek: she pined⁷ in thought,
 And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
 She sat like Patience on a monument,
 Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?"

Having said this, Viola changed the subject by asking if she should go again to Olivia; and the duke cried, —

"To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
 My love can give no place,⁸ bide⁹ no denay."¹⁰

It was not difficult for the page to get admittance to the lady on his second visit, but it was in vain he spoke of Orsino's affection

¹Leichentuch, ²Laruz, Eibe, ³Keiner nahm seinen Anteil am Tode so hingehend und treu hin, wie ich (Delius). Vielleicht besser so: kein treuer Herz ging jemals in den Tod, ⁴zu ersparen, ⁵leeres, unbeschriebenes Blatt, ⁶rot, ⁷sich härmen, ⁸Platz machen, weichen, ⁹ertragen, dulden, ¹⁰abschlägige Antwort, Verneinung.

Olivia told him frankly she rather desired to win his own; and then Viola hastened away, declaring she had resolved never to love any woman. Hardly had she escaped, however, when a gentleman came up¹ and challenged² the mock³ page to fight a duel, much to Viola's alarm. She was just going to confess herself a woman, when a stranger came and interposed⁴ his protection, saying, if the "young gentleman" had been in fault⁵ *he* would answer⁶ for it.

X Before Viola could speak her thanks to her deliverer, some officers of justice⁷ came up and seized him, in the duke's name, to answer for an offence⁸ committed years before. To the great surprise of Viola, the gentleman asked her to return him some of the money with which he had intrusted her, and speaking of other good services he had done her, called her by the name of Sebastian! She offered him half the money she had about her, upon which the stranger reproached her with unkindness and ingratitude; but the soldiers hurried⁹ him away, leaving Viola to wonder¹⁰ if he had known her dear lost brother, by whose name he had addressed¹¹ her. This gentleman happened to be Antonio, the captain who had rescued Sebastian from the waves on the night of the storm, and had afterwards accompanied him to the kingdom of the Duke Orsino, though at the risk of his safety; for he had once wounded the nephew of the duke in a fight at sea. A few hours before the meeting with Viola, Antonio had given his purse into Sebastian's keeping,¹² saying he would await him at the inn after he had seen the town; but as the young man was long in returning, Antonio ventured out in search of him.

Now we have said how strong was the likeness between the twin brother and sister, so that in her page's suit¹³ Viola looked Sebastian's very self; and, believing it to be him, Antonio had interposed to prevent the duel, and was thus captured for the offence of bygone¹⁴ years. It seemed to him, then, ingratitude indeed, when he was treated as a stranger, and offered a little help, because he asked for his own purse to be restored to him.

When Antonio had been taken to prison, Viola went home to the palace as quickly as she could; and presently Sebastian passed by, and the gentleman who had desired to fight the duel believing

¹herbeikommen, ²herausfordern, ³falsch, verstellt, ⁴ins Mittel legen, ⁵Berschuldung, Vergehen, ⁶Genugthuung geben, ⁷Gerichtsdienner, ⁸Verbrechen, ⁹to hurry treiben, ¹⁰neugierig, ¹¹anreden, ¹²Bewahrung, ¹³Kleidung, Anzug, ¹⁴vergangen, früher.

him to be the same young page who had visited Olivia, struck him a blow, which was quickly returned. More violence would have followed, but for¹ the appearance of a lady, who paused to interpose between the combatants. This was none other than Olivia, who, thinking Sebastian to be Cesario the page, begged him to come to her house, and there offered her love, and even proposed an immediate marriage, as there was a priest in the house. Sebastian was quite willing, and the ceremony was performed; whereupon he left the house to find his friend Antonio, and tell him of his good fortune. But while he was gone, Orsino himself appeared to visit Olivia, and at the same moment the officers brought Antonio to him for sentence of punishment.

Viola, as the page, was in attendance on² her master; and seeing her, and believing her to be Sebastian, the prisoner began to tell how he had rescued this youth from the sea, and how ungratefully he had requited³ his kindness.

Just then Olivia entered, and perceiving Cesario, began to speak fondly⁴, thinking him to be her newly-wedded husband. In vain did the page protest against her assertion, for she sent for the priest, who declared it true.

The duke was so angry that he would have taken the life of his young favourite; but at that moment another Cesario, as it seemed, came in, and called Olivia his wife. It was, of course, Sebastian, yet so strangely like his disguised sister that the duke cried,—

“An apple cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures.”

And so Viola acknowledged herself a woman, and told the story of how she assumed such attire.⁵

When Orsino found that his admiration for Olivia was useless, he began to feel much attracted to Viola; and remembering how, when believed to be a page, she had avowed her love for him, he thought he could not do better than ask her hand in marriage.

The ceremony was performed at once. Thus the brother and sister not only found each other, but entered upon a new and happier life,—the one as the bride of the rich Duke Orsino, the other as the husband of the gracious⁶ and lovely lady Olivia. X

¹ ohne, wenn nicht eine Dame erschienen wäre, ² to be in attendance
Dienst haben, ³ belohnen, vergelten, ⁴ zärtlich, liebevoll, ⁵ Anzug, ⁶ anmutig, gnädig,
huldreich.

Läng

VII.

HAMLET.

When Hamlet, King of Denmark, had been dead but two brief months, his widowed queen, Gertrude, so far forgot him as to unite herself in marriage with his own brother Claudio, a man inferior to him in appearance¹ no less than in character. This act gave great displeasure to the people; the more so because it was rumoured² that Claudio had secretly made away with³ his brother, that he might succeed to the throne by marrying his widow, and thus exclude the rightful successor—the young Prince Hamlet. This son of the dead king took his mother's conduct so much to heart that, in addition to sorrow⁴ for his loss, it threw him into a state of the deepest melancholy, so that he felt no pleasure in anything.

When the marriage took place, young Hamlet still appeared at court clad in the deepest mourning; nor could his mother and her new husband induce him to cast it off.

The prince was troubled also by uncertainty as to the cause of his father's death; he could not rid himself of the suspicion that Claudio had in some way caused it, and he dreaded lest his mother might have been privy to⁵ the murder.

The soldiers declared, too, that while on watch in the dead of⁶ night the spirit of the departed king had appeared to them, clad in a suit of armour;⁷ that its face expressed grief, and that it had

Ausſprache der Eigennamen: Bernårdo — Claudius klåwdĩ-ūs — Cornélius — Dẽnmark — Elsinøre (Œelſingör) — Förtinbrås — Gertrude (djærtrood) — Guildenstern (ghĩld) — Håmlet — Horatio (horåshĩ-o) — Låærtēs — Marcéllus — Ophélia — Osrik — Polōnius — Rěynåldo — Rōsencrantz — Vóltimand.

¹im Außern, ²to rŭmour außſprengen, verbreiten, ³to make away with umſ Leben bringen, ⁴Rummer, ⁵to be privy to um etwaſ wiſſen, ⁶in der Mitte, ⁷Waffenrŭftung.

seemed about to address¹ them, but the cock crew at the moment, upon which it disappeared.

Hamlet resolved to share² the watch, hoping to see the spirit of his dear departed father also; for he believed that it would not thus appear to men unless it had something to reveal to them: so when night came he joined Horatio and Marcellus, whose duty it was to be on guard.

They had not waited long when the ghost appeared, and beckoned³ to the young prince, as if desiring him to follow. The soldiers begged him not to do so; but Hamlet cried, —

“Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin’s fee;⁴
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves⁵ me forth⁶ again: I’ll follow it.”

When they were together the spirit spoke, and revealed to Hamlet the fact of the murder, and that it had been effected by Claudio, who during sleep had poured a poisonous⁷ juice⁸ into his brother’s ears, which coursing⁹ through the body had destroyed his life. Then also did the ghostly visitant lament to¹⁰ his son that the queen should marry the murderer, but cautioned¹¹ him to leave her to Heaven and the stings¹² of conscience, even if he sought revenge against his wicked uncle.

When Hamlet was alone, he made a solemn vow¹³ to forget all he had ever known, all learning, all pleasure, and keep nothing in his memory but his father’s ghost, and what it had revealed to him; but the events of that night so disturbed¹⁴ his mind that he felt as one mad. He then resolved to feign¹⁵ real madness, that he might more easily form and execute some scheme¹⁶ of revenge against Claudio; and so well did he act¹⁷ this part,¹⁸ affecting such wildness¹⁹ of speech and manner,²⁰ that both the king and queen believed his reason was gone, and they fancied the cause of it must be the love of some fair lady. Now, before his troubles began, Hamlet had been much attached to Ophelia, the daughter of the

¹anreden, ²teilnehmen, ³to beckon winken, ⁴fee Wert; ich achte mein Leben keine Stecknadel wert, ⁵to wave winken, ⁶herbei, vorwärts, ⁷giftig, ⁸Saft, ⁹to course laufen, sich verbreiten, ¹⁰gegen, ¹¹warnen, anempfehlen, ¹²Stachel, ¹³Gelübde, ¹⁴to disturb beunruhigen, verwirren, ¹⁵erheucheln, vorgeben, ¹⁶spr. skeem, Plan, ¹⁷spielen, ¹⁸Rolle, ¹⁹Wildheit, Zügellosigkeit, Verwirrtheit, ²⁰Benahmen.

king's chief counsellor, and rings had been exchanged and presents given; but in his melancholy grief the prince had neglected the lady, and now in his feigned madness he began to treat her most rudely.

Coming to visit her thus, he had frightened her much, so that she ran to tell her father he must be mad, saying,—

“He took me by the wrist,¹ and held me hard;
Then goes² he to the length of all his arm,³
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,⁴
He falls to such perusal⁵ of my face
As⁶ he would draw it.”

When Polonius heard his daughter's story, he bade her come with him to the king, and let him know the state of his step-son; and a letter Hamlet had written to Ophelia was shown, which every one considered must have come from the pen of a madman. Thus it ran:—⁷

“Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt⁸ truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.”

Little did his friends imagine that Hamlet's distressing⁹ state arose from his unhappiness in knowing that his father's murderer sat on the throne of Denmark, and that he felt he could have no peace until he had avenged the crime.

However, the queen believed him mad for love of Ophelia, and she contrived¹⁰ to send for him, so that he might meet with her apparently by chance. As Hamlet approached, he talked thus to himself:—

“To be, or not to be; that is the question:
Whether 'tis¹¹ nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings¹² and arrows¹³ of outrageous¹⁴ fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them!”

¹ Handgelenk, ² zurückgehen, ³ soweit sein Arm lang ist, ⁴ Stirn, ⁵ Durchlesen, sorgfältige Untersuchung, Prüfung, ⁶ = as if, ⁷ to run lauten, ⁸ to doubt hier: argwöhnen, ⁹ peinlich, qualvoll, ¹⁰ to contrive bewerkstelligen, herbeiführen, veranstalten, ¹¹ = it is, ¹² Schleudern, ¹³ Pfeile, ¹⁴ gewaltjam, mütend.

He then went on to speak of the

“Dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country from whose bourn¹
No traveller returns.”

Ophelia addressed him, hoping that the queen was correct in thinking that her presence would bring him to his right mind; but in his assumed² character of madman, Hamlet talked so wildly to this lady, that she was more than ever alarmed and distressed when he retired, and exclaimed,—

“Oh, what a noble mind is here o’erthrown!
The courtier’s, soldier’s, scholar’s, eye, tongue, sword;
The expectancy³ and rose of the fair state,
The glass⁴ of fashion⁵ and the mould⁶ of form,⁷
The observed⁸ of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject⁹ and wretched,
That sucked the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled,¹⁰ out of tune¹¹ and harsh.”

Though Hamlet was always thirsting for revenge, he was by nature so gentle that the thought of causing the death of a fellow-creature was terrible to him; and, indeed, he sometimes did not feel sure that he had seen the spirit of his father, but feared that it might be a delusion of the devil. He therefore resolved to have some surer ground than the commands of an apparition to act upon; and he was in this mind when some players came to the court who had previously delighted him greatly. Hamlet perfectly remembered the part¹² one had taken, setting forth¹³ the murder of a certain king and the wild grief of the queen; and as he thought of it all, there came into his mind a story he had heard of a murderer who, seeing his own crime acted on the stage, was even moved to confess it.

So Hamlet determined that the players should perform some scene similar to the murder of his father, and he would get Claudio to be present, and narrowly watch the effect produced on him. Not guessing that there was any scheme¹⁴ to entrap¹⁵ him, the king

¹ Grenze, ² angenommen, ³ zu lesen: Th’expectancy; die Hoffnung, ⁴ Spiegel, ⁵ Sitte, Feinheit, ⁶ Mutter, ⁷ Bildung, Schönheit, ⁸ Th’observed der Beobachtete (d. i. mit Wohlgefallen), ⁹ deject = dejected, niedergeschlagen, traurig, ¹⁰ to jangle unharmonisch erklingen lassen, ¹¹ verstimmt, ¹² Rolle, ¹³ to set forth darstellen, ¹⁴ spr. skēme; Plan, ¹⁵ in einer Falle fangen, verstricken.

consented to attend¹ the play with the queen and the whole court; and Hamlet stationed himself close at hand. But when the actor came to the representation of the poisoning in the garden, Claudio called for lights, and, pretending sudden illness, left the theatre.

The prince was now convinced that the ghost had told him truly, and he was revolving² in his mind what steps to take, when Queen Gertrude sent for him to a private conference.

To this she had been prompted³ by Claudio, who wished her to represent to Hamlet that his conduct was a source of much displeasure to them both; meanwhile he concealed himself behind the hangings,⁴ to hear exactly what passed between the mother and the son. Gertrude began by speaking of Claudio as Hamlet's father, who had been "much offended;" upon which the prince retorted:⁵ "Mother, you have my father much offended;" and after a few more sentences exchanged, the queen was rising to send the king or Polonius to her rebellious son, when Hamlet seized her by the wrist, forcing her to listen to him. She was terrified, and cried out, on which the king's voice behind the curtains was heard; and the young prince, drawing his sword, thrust it through the draperies, pretending it was some rat making a noise there. However, it proved not to be Claudio who was killed, but Polonius, the chief counsellor, who was Ophelia's father; and Queen Gertrude cried out, "Oh me,⁶ what hast thou done?"—on which Hamlet openly reproached her with marrying his father's brother, and with other misdeeds, frightening her so much that she implored him to spare her. As they talked together, the ghost of the murdered king entered, and reminded Hamlet of his promised revenge; but it was not visible to the eye of the queen, who was alarmed by hearing her son converse, as it seemed, with nothing.

She thought it another proof of his madness; but Hamlet declared that he was no madman, and with tears he begged his mother to show respect to his father's memory.

This unpremeditated⁷ slaying of Polonius gave Claudio a pretext⁸ for banishing Hamlet from the kingdom; and pretending to take measures for his safety, this wicked king said he had letters of business to send to the English court, whereas⁹ they were but requests for the prince to be put to death as soon as he landed.

¹zugegen sein bei, besuchen, ²to revolve erwägen, ³to prompt (spr. prompt), antreiben, veranlassen, ⁴Tapeten, ⁵entgegen, ⁶o über mich! (weh'!) ⁷nicht vorbedacht, unbeabsichtigt, ⁸prétext oder pretext Vorwand, ⁹wohingegen, während.

Hamlet, suspecting some treachery, got possession of the letters, and put the names of the two courtiers who accompanied him in place of his own, and then re-sealed the papers.

Soon afterwards, pirates attacked the vessel, and Hamlet courageously rushed¹ on board the enemy's ship alone, while the other made off,² leaving him to his fate. However, the pirates treated the prince well, and put him on shore at the nearest port to Denmark, from whence Hamlet wrote to tell the king he was safe, and should have the honour next day of appearing before his majesty.

On reaching home, the first sight which met his eyes was a funeral, and it proved to be that of the lady Ophelia.

She, poor maiden, had been most unhappy since her father's death, and became, indeed, quite distracted³ with sorrow, so that she would⁴ go about among the ladies of the court, giving them flowers, in a foolish, simple⁵ manner.

There was a brook by which she often wandered, gathering daisies,⁶ weeds,⁷ and other things, which she made into garlands; and one day she fell into the water and was drowned. So they were laying her in the grave when Hamlet arrived in Denmark; though, as he watched,⁸ he did not at first know whose funeral it was, until he saw the queen, his mother, throw flowers into the tomb, saying, "Sweets⁹ to the sweet: farewell!" Then the brother of Ophelia leaped into her grave, declaring he would be buried with her—which action seemed so to arouse the old love in Hamlet's heart that he did the same; and Laertes, not recognizing who it was, began to struggle with him; but they were soon reconciled.

Though Claudio had failed¹⁰ in one scheme for taking the life of the prince, he thought of another, and one day he persuaded Laertes to challenge¹¹ Hamlet to a trial¹² of skill at fencing, whereat all the court should be present; but the wicked king bade Laertes prepare a poisoned weapon.

At first Hamlet was allowed to gain the advantage, though presently Laertes made a deadly thrust at him; but Hamlet, seizing the weapon, inflicted on him a fatal wound. The king had made ready a poisoned draught,¹³ of which he purposed getting Hamlet to drink, should other means fail to despatch¹⁴ him; but just at the

¹to rush sich stürzen, ²to make off sich fortmachen, ³wahnsinnig, ⁴pfl egte, ⁵einfältig, ⁶daisy Gänseblume, Maßliebe, ⁷Unfräuter, ⁸to watch beachten, ⁹süße, liebliche Dinge, ¹⁰to fail scheitern, unglücklich sein, I fail es mißlingt mir, ¹¹herausfordern, ¹²Probe, ¹³Trank (spr. draht), ¹⁴töten.

moment of her son's wound, the queen uttered a piercing shriek, for she had ignorantly drunk of the fatal draught, and died instantly. Suspecting there was some treachery going on, Hamlet declared he would discover it,—for as yet the poison had not taken effect on him. On this, Laertes, with his last breath, confessed it all, and told the prince he had not half an hour to live, for nothing could destroy the effect of the venom within him. Hamlet, knowing that his end was at hand,¹ turned on the false king and thrust him through, thus accomplishing the bidding of his father's spirit. Then he begged his faithful friend Horatio to tell his mournful story to the world; and so died, lamented by those who had hoped to see him one day in his rightful position, on the throne of Denmark.

¹nahe fein.

Lairg

1. Jy. 02.

VIII.
MACBETH.

Duncan, King of Scotland, had a near kinsman¹ who was named Macbeth, a great and powerful lord, much esteemed for his courage and success in time of war. A great battle had been fought and gained; and Macbeth, with another Scottish general named Banquo, were returning from the field of victory, their way leading them across a wild and desolate heath. There they were stopped by the appearance of three weird,² terrible figures, whose wild attire³ gave them an aspect scarcely human. These three witches had agreed to meet Macbeth thus; for a while before, while the thunder rolled, and the rain fell stormily, they had talked of it in a deserted spot where they made their plans.

“When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?”

said the first; and the answer came from the second,—

“When the hurlyburly’s⁴ done,
When the battle’s lost and won.”

Then said the third witch,—

“That will be ere⁵ the set of sun.”

So these unearthly-looking creatures waited the coming of Macbeth; and as he approached, the first saluted him as, “Thane (or lord)

Musſprache der Eigennamen: Ańgus—Bańquo (kw)—Birnam (búr-năm)—Căthness—Dőńalbăin—Dńncan—Fléance—Hěcătē (Hěcăt)—Lěnox—Macbėth—Macdńff—Malcolm (mălkum)—Mentěth—Rősse—Seyton (seet’n)—Sńwărd.

¹ Bermandter, ² weird (weerd), herenartig, ³ Anzug, ⁴ Tumult, Wirrwarr, Kriegsgetűmmel, ⁵ ſpr. āre==before.

of Glamis;" the second called him, "Thane of Cawdor;" the third said, "All hail, Macbeth! thou shalt be king hereafter!"

It was strange enough to this brave lord to find that these witches knew him, but still more strange to be thus addressed; for he had no prospect of ascending the throne, as the king had sons to succeed him. Then they turned to Banquo, and proclaimed him "lesser, yet greater" than Macbeth; "not so happy, but much happier". This also was very mysterious.

But while the two generals were marvelling what it could mean, certain messengers came from King Duncan to confer¹ the dignity of Thane of Cawdor upon Macbeth. This was so exact a fulfilment of one prophecy that he began to think the witches might be equally correct on all points, and that he really might soon reign over Scotland.

Macbeth had a bad and ambitious wife; and when he told her what the witches had promised him, she determined to secure² greatness at any cost, even at the cost of Duncan's life!

The king was in the habit of paying visits to his nobles, and at this time he chose³ to stay in Macbeth's castle, bringing with him his sons Malcolm and Donalbain, and numerous retainers.⁴

When Macbeth apprised his wife of the royal visit, she began to hint at her dark and evil purpose.

"He that's coming
Must be provided for,⁵ and you shall put⁶
This night's great business into my dispatch."

The king was so much wearied with his journey that he was glad to retire early to rest. He had two attendants sleeping in his chamber, but their presence did not hinder Lady Macbeth from attempting his murder. She had won her husband's consent to it; yet she feared his nature was not hard and cruel enough to commit the deed, so, with a dagger in her hand, she approached the sleeping king, having first given his grooms so much wine that they were completely stupified.⁷

As she looked on Duncan's face, something in its expression made this bad woman think of her own father, and her courage failed⁸ her; but her husband overcame his own fear, and entering the king's chamber, quickly despatched⁹ him.

¹ verleihen, ² sich sichern, verschaffen, ³ to choose wollen, belieben, ⁴ Diener, Begleiter, ⁵ to provide for sorgen für, ⁶ schnelle Ausführung, Beendigung, ⁷ to stupify betäuben, ⁸ to fail verlassen, ⁹ to despatch aus der Welt schaffen.

Next moment horror overtook him: one of the grooms stirred in his sleep, and murmured, "God bless us,"—to which the other answered, „Amen;"¹ and Macbeth listened, shuddering. Then it seemed to him as if a voice cried, "Sleep no more! Macbeth does murder sleep."

Returning to his wife, the wretched murderer told her of these imaginations; but she ridiculed his weakness, and bade him wash the blood from his fingers, while she took the stained² dagger and passed it across the cheeks of the still sleeping attendants, so that they might be suspected of taking³ the king's life.

When morning came, Macbeth and his wife feigned violent grief at the fate of their king; and yet suspicion seemed to fall on them, although the bloody daggers, left by the side of the grooms, and the stain⁴ upon their cheeks, were pointed out.⁵ The sons of Duncan fled at once,—the elder to England, the younger to Ireland; and thus Macbeth was heir to the crown, and the prediction of the witches was fulfilled.

Though placed in so high a position, the remembrance of his crime haunted⁶ Macbeth by day and by night. Nor could he forget that the three weird sisters had declared that Banquo's children, not his own, should be kings after him, and both he and his queen resolved on another murder,—the murder of Banquo and his son.

To this end they made a banquet, inviting all the chief lords, and, of course, the two intended victims of the plot, who were to be attacked and stabbed on their way to the palace. Banquo was killed thus, but his son Fleance escaped; and while this evil was being done, Macbeth was pretending to⁷ regret the delay⁸ of his dear friend and noble thane.

Just then the ghost of Banquo entered, and took the king's place at the table, so that, coming into the supper room, he started and cried, "Which of you has done this?" No one else saw the spectre—for, indeed, it was but the creation of Macbeth's guilty conscience; and therefore the attendants cried, "What, my lord?" and marvelled that he did not advance to his seat.

"Prithee,⁹ see there! behold! look!" cried the terrified king. But then the ghost seemed to vanish, and recovering himself,¹⁰

¹á-mén (in der Kirche: áh-mén); dieses Wort ist auf beiden Silben betont, ²befleckt, ³=of having taken, ⁴Stellen, ⁵to point out aufmerksam machen auf, ⁶to haunt heimsuchen, ⁷vorgeben, sich stellen als ob, ⁸Verzug, ⁹príthee ich bitte, ¹⁰to recover (one's self), sich wieder erholen, beruhigen, wieder zu sich kommen.

Macbeth sat down, and was about to drink to the health of his guests, when the phantom reappeared to make him tremble.

"Avaunt,¹ and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!" he cried; and though Lady Macbeth tried to explain that he had ever been subject to these nervous fancies, she was in such fear lest the secret might be discovered that she hastened to dismiss the guests.

Macbeth was so miserable that he resolved to seek the three witches, and get from them some further knowledge of what would happen in the future.

When he came upon them in their cave, they were preparing charms² whereby to get³ the spirits of evil to grant them revelations; and the first of those spirits they summoned to answer Macbeth bade him beware of⁴ Macduff, Thane of Fife. The second evil spirit assumed the form of a child sprinkled⁵ with blood, and advised Macbeth to fear no one. The third took the shape of a crowned child, and said Macbeth should not be vanquished until

"Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him."

But there was one thing more the king longed⁶ to know. Should the murdered Banquo's son ever reign over Scotland?—and at this question the witches' caldron⁷ sank into the ground. There was a sound of music, and eight shadowy kings passed by; last of all Banquo, smiling on Macbeth, and pointing to them. From this, Macbeth understood that these eight kings would be descended from his hated victim, and he left the cave with his mind full of dreadful thoughts.

The very first news which greeted him was that an army was being raised⁸ against him by Malcolm, the rightful heir; and that Macduff, Thane of Fife, had gone to England to join⁹ it. Upon this, Macbeth attacked the castle wherein Lady Macduff and her children were dwelling, and killed them and all their kinsmen. This deed turned the hearts of the noblemen against their king: many went over to join Malcolm, while those who remained in Scotland hated him so much that he passed his days in continual fear of being poisoned or otherwise made away with.¹⁰

¹avaunt (āw), fort! weg da! ²charm Zauber, Zaubermittel, ³bewegen, was zu bringen, vermögen, ⁴sich hüten vor, ⁵to sprinkle besprengen, besprühen, ⁶to long sich sehnen, verlangen, ⁷Kessel, ⁸to raise ausheben, auf die Beine bringen, ins Feld stellen, ⁹sich vereinigen mit, stoßen zu, ¹⁰to make away with ums Leben bringen.

All this time Lady Macbeth was suffering the keenest¹ remorse of conscience, and so disturbed was her mind that she would rise in her sleep and begin rubbing her hands, as if to take from them the bloody stain; and at length she died, as it was supposed, by her own act.²

Macbeth felt now alone in the world, with no one in whom to confide, and life seemed so hateful that he cared not how soon it was over. When he heard that Malcolm was coming at the head of a powerful army, he shut himself up in his castle and waited. A messenger came to him there one day, declaring that as he had looked towards Birnam the wood began to move. Macbeth remembered that he was to fall when Birnam wood touched Dunsinane hill, and he was filled with fear; yet he cried,—

“Arm,³ arm, and out!

If this which he avouches⁴ does appear,⁵

There is nor flying hence nor tarrying⁶ here.

I 'gin⁷ to be aweary⁸ of the sun,

And wish the estate* o' the world were now undone,—⁹

Ring the alarum-bell!—Blow, wind! come, wrack!¹⁰

At least we'll die with harness¹¹ on our back.”¹²

A desperate encounter¹³ followed, in which Macduff closed upon¹⁴ the guilty king, who had destroyed his wife and children and kinsmen. After a sharp struggle Macbeth was overcome; and his head being cut off, it was presented to the young Malcolm, who, amidst the joyful acclamations of his people, ascended the throne, which was his rightful inheritance as the son of the good King Duncan the Meek.¹⁵

¹ scharf, stechend, quälend, ² durch Selbstmord, ³ Bewaffnet euch! Zu den Waffen! ⁴ to avouch behaupten, ⁵ sich wirklich so verhält, ⁶ säumen, verweilen, ⁷ = begin, ⁸ überdrüssig, müde, * Zustand, Stand (daß Weltgebäude). ⁹ to undo vernichten, zu Grunde richten, ¹⁰ Schiffbruch, Verderben, Untergang, ¹¹ Harnisch, Rüstung, ¹² ein Vers von großartiger Schönheit, wohl geeignet, eine gewisse Sympathie für den tapferen Macbeth zu erwecken. — Er erinnert an das Lob, welches im 1. Akt, Scene 4, von Malcolm dem überwundenen Empörer Cawdor gespendet wird: — nothing in his life Became him like the leaving it. ¹³ Feindlicher Zusammenstoß, Kampf, ¹⁴ handgemein werden mit, ¹⁵ der Sanfte, der Milde, der Gütige.

3. XII. 02.
Lairing

IX.

KING LEAR.

Lear, the aged¹ King of Britain, had three daughters: Goneril, married to the Duke of Albany; Regan, wife of the Duke of Cornwall; and Cordelia, still unwedded, but for whose love the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy had both come as suitors² to the British court.

Lear began to feel the care of the kingdom more than his failing³ strength could bear, and desiring to hand it over to those who were more fitted for its management,⁴ he resolved to discover which of his three daughters loved him best, so that he might divide his dominions in proportion to the affection⁵ cherished⁶ towards him.

For this purpose the aged king summoned⁷ his children to his presence, and beginning with Goneril, asked, "Which of you shall we say doth love us most?"

Goneril declared that to her her royal father was dearer than eye-sight, liberty, life itself; and King Lear was so delighted with her words that he instantly bestowed⁸ one-third of his possessions upon her and her husband.

Next came the turn of Regan, who was determined not to be outdone⁹ in words by her elder sister, and who declared that Goneril's affection fell far short of¹⁰ her own, for all joy was nought save that which she felt in having so dear a father.

Aussprache der Eigennamen: Búrgundy — Cǎiŭs — Cordēlia — Córnowǎll — Cŭrán — Fēdgar — Gōnērīl — Lēar — Oswald — Rēgan.

¹áged bejahrt, ²Freier, Bewerber, ³abnehmend, ⁴schwindend, ⁵Führung, Leitung, Regierung, ⁶Liebe, Zuneigung, ⁷to cherish hegen, ⁸to summon zu sich berufen, ⁹to bestow upon verleihen, ¹⁰to outdo übertreffen, ¹¹to fall far short of weit zurückbleiben hinter, nachstehen.

The poor old king thought himself blessed, indeed, in the possession of such fond¹ children, and gave Regan as large a share of his kingdom as he had already bestowed upon Goneril.

At last he turned to his youngest daughter, Cordelia, who had always been his darling;² but she, knowing the falseness of her sisters' professions, and seeing their purpose of getting as much wealth as they could, would not be like them, but quietly declared that she loved her father according to her duty, "not more, nor less."

King Lear was pained by this apparent³ coldness and advised her,—

"Mend⁴ your speech a little,
Lest it may mar⁵ your fortune."

But Cordelia still refrained from any great protestations of love.

"So young, and so untender?"⁶ said the king, sorrowfully;⁷ to which she answered, "So young, my lord, and true."

At length Lear became so angry, that he gave to Goneril and Regan the portion he had reserved for Cordelia, keeping for himself only the name of king; and arranging that, with a hundred knights in attendance on him,⁸ he should be maintained⁹ alternately at his daughters' palaces for one month.

The courtiers were indeed amazed at such a disposal of¹⁰ his kingdom; but only the Earl of Kent was courageous enough to plead for¹¹ Cordelia, and he was commanded to be silent, under pain of death.

But the good earl was not so easily silenced, and declared,—

"Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted¹² whose low¹³ sound
Reverbs¹⁴ no hollowness."¹⁵

Then Lear pronounced sentence of banishment upon this faithful Kent, declaring that if at the end of six days he was found within the British realm, instant¹⁶ death should be his punishment.

¹zärtlich, liebevoll, ²Liebling, ³anscheinend, scheinbar, ⁴to mend verbessern, ⁵to mar verderben, vermindern, ⁶nicht zärtlich, lieblos, ⁷traurig, bekümmert, ⁸in seiner Begleitung, in seinem Gefolge, zu seiner Bedienung, ⁹erhalten, ernähren, bewirten, ¹⁰Verfügung über, ¹¹sprechen für, verteidigen, ¹²herzlos, ¹³leise, ¹⁴to reverb—to reverberate zurückwerfen, von sich geben, ¹⁵Hohlheit, (Falschheit, Unredlichkeit), deren leiser Ton nicht Hohlheit des Herzens anzeigt; deren leiser Ton, den sie von sich geben, zeigt, daß ihre Herzen nicht hohl sind. ¹⁶augenblicklich.

The King of France and the Duke of Burgundy were now sent for, that they might hear that Cordelia had no fortune to bring to her husband. The duke at once declined to marry her; but the King of France took her hand in his, and cried,—

“Fairest Cordelia, thou art most rich, being poor;
Most choice,¹ forsaken; and most loved, despised.”

And then he bade her take farewell of her father and sisters, and go with him to reign over France.

Lear would not bless her, his once loved child.

“Therefore be gone,
Without our love, our grace, our benison,”²

were his parting words;³ and he retired, leaving Cordelia to speak with her sisters before she bade them a last farewell.

Before the old king had concluded his month's visit to his daughter Goneril, he began to find out her deception;⁴ for when she met her father she frowned⁵ on him, and neglected proper care of his comfort, and even permitted her servants to treat him with contempt.

Meanwhile the Earl of Kent could not be happy apart from his royal master; and in the disguise of a servant he came to ask permission to attend on him, assuming for that purpose the name of Caius.

One day, when Goneril's steward⁶ treated the poor old king with insolence, Caius threw him down; and Lear felt from that time that he was a faithful and affectionate servant.

At length this unkind daughter plainly gave her father to understand that she was weary of his company; and she complained of the number of his knights, saying that it was unnecessary for one of his age to have so many attendants.

At first Lear found it hard to believe that Goneril could treat him so ungratefully; but when he found she was in earnest, he bade them prepare his horses, that he might depart to his other daughter, Regan; and in his bitterness of heart he cried,—

“How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!”

¹gewählt, vortrefflich, ausgezeichnet, ²benison (béniz'n), Segen, ³Abschiedsworte, ⁴Betrug, ⁵die Stirn runzeln, finster ansehen, ⁶Haushofmeister.

It seemed to the old man that he had been unjust to his daughter Cordelia, whose fault appeared but small now compared with that of her sister; and tears fell from his eyes as he thought of the past.

When he drew near¹ the palace of Regan and her husband, King Lear sent a messenger forward² to apprise³ them of his arrival; but already Goneril had despatched news of him to her sister, and advised her not to receive all the attendants he was bringing with him. The messenger from Goneril chanced to be none other than the steward whom Caius had once thrown down for showing insolence to Lear, and meeting now, they got to blows: this being told to Regan, she ordered her father's faithful servant into the stocks.⁴ This was the first sight which met the old king's eyes as he entered the castle, and it roused his anger; but still worse was it to be received with a message that Regan and her husband were weary with⁵ travelling, and could not see him.

At his demand that they should come and receive him, they reluctantly appeared in company with Goneril, who had hastened forward to tell her own story, and cause enmity between her sister and her father.

Instead of rejoicing as a loving daughter to entertain him, Regan advised Lear to go back with Goneril, and dismiss half his attendants at her desire; after which he could come to her, for just then she was not prepared to entertain him.

Violently the old king reproached⁶ her, declaring that he would rather seek a pension of the King of France than return to Goneril with half his train cut off.⁷

Then Regan declared that, for her part, she would receive but five and twenty of the knights; while Goneril cried,—

“What need you five and twenty, ten, or five?”

And thus they wounded the heart of the old father, who had given up the whole of his kingdom to them, and who now seemed likely to be deprived of all shelter. Night came on, and as both ladies persisted in their resolution not to receive their father's train, he called for his horses, caring not that a violent storm was raging, and that for many a mile there was not even the shelter of a bush. No one was now left with King Lear but his fool or jester;⁸ but Caius followed him, and at length persuaded him to enter a

¹to draw near sich nähern, ²vormwärts, voraus, ³benachrichtigen, ⁴to order into the stocks in den Block schließen lassen, ⁵müde von, ⁶Vormürfe machen, ⁷to cut off abschneiden, entlassen, ⁸Spaßmacher.

wretched little hovel¹ on the open heath. A poor mad beggar was sheltering² there; and seeing his misery, the old king began to fancy that he also must have had ungrateful daughters, who had brought him down to misery; and other signs also did he give of not being quite in his right mind, by reason of the sorrow which had come to him through Goneril and Regan.

The Earl of Kent, with some few of the knights who were still faithful to Lear, removed him to the Castle of Dover; and then himself crossed the sea to France, to tell Cordelia of her father's pitiable state. Now, indeed, was the affection of that good daughter proved; for she begged her husband permit her to start for England, taking a sufficient army with which to subdue her cruel sisters and their husbands.

During the faithful earl's absence, Lear had managed³ to escape from the castle, and was found by some of Cordelia's train wandering about the fields, dressed up with wild-flowers, and perfectly mad.

They tried to lay hands upon him, while they told him his daughter had arrived in England; but he fancied they were taking him captive, and began to run away.

Ah! it was a pitiful sight to look on; and when the poor crazed⁴ king felt Cordelia's arms about his neck, he begged the bystanders not to laugh at him because he fancied she was his daughter!

But going back to Lear's unnatural children, we must tell that a violent jealousy arose between them, and Goneril found means to destroy her sister with poison, and afterwards she put an end to her own life; and thus the judgment of Heaven fell upon them both. But the armies they had sent out under the Earl of Gloucester were victorious, and the innocent Cordelia died in prison. When the poor old king looked on her lifeless form, he fell into a swoon;⁵ and thus his spirit passed away. And the faithful Kent exclaimed,—

“The wonder is, he hath endured so long.”

¹hovel (spr. hüvel), Schuppen, Hütte, ²to shelter Schutz suchen, ³to manage Mittel und Wege finden, ⁴verrückt, wahnsinnig, ⁵Ohnmacht.

X.

OTHELLO.

There dwelt in former times in Venice a most fair and gentle¹ lady called Desdemona, who was sought by many a suitor,² for she was not only virtuous and beautiful, but possessed of³ considerable riches. Strange, indeed, it seemed that amongst so many who asked her hand, Desdemona should see no one to whom she could give her love; but the secret was that she cared for⁴ a Moor who often visited the house of Brabantio her father.

Othello, the Moor, was a brave soldier. He had risen to be a general in the Venetian⁵ service, and he had many qualities which would recommend him; but, unfortunately, because he was black, no one would deem him worthy of Desdemona for his bride. He had travelled much, and when he told the history of his adventures, of the battles and sieges he had taken part in, his narrow escapes⁶ by land and sea, and how, being made prisoner, he had been sold for⁷ a slave, Desdemona listened eagerly, and shed many a tear for his sufferings.

After a while the love of Desdemona grew so strong that she consented to a secret marriage; but the news of it came to the ears of Brabantio, who was most indignant, and charged⁸ Othello with gaining her affection by some spells⁹ or witchcraft.¹⁰

Aussprache der Eigennamen: Bianca—Brabantio (shio)—Cassio (ss = sh) — Cyprus — Desdemonā — Emilia — Gratiano (ti = shi) — Iago (drei-
fölig) — Lodovico (vé) — Michael (mīkl) — Montano — Othello — Roderigo (ródrigo).

¹edel, vornehm, ²Bewerber, Freier, ³im Besitz, ⁴sich etw. machen aus, ⁵spr. vënishan, ⁶a narrow escape ein Entkommen (aus einer Gefahr), daß mit genauer Not bewerkstelligt wird, ⁷als, ⁸beschuldigen, ⁹Zaubersprüche, Zauberei, ¹⁰Hexenkunst.

It was just at this time that the Moor's services were required by the state, for the Turks were bent on¹ gaining the island of Cyprus, then held by Venice; so that, at the same moment that he was charged with this unlawful influence over Desdemona, he was needed for a most responsible position in the defence against the enemy.

When called to answer the accusations of Brabantio, the Moor gave the plain story of his love for Desdemona, and how it had originated; and when he had finished, the Duke of Venice, who was the chief judge, said that no arts had been used save those which all men honestly employ to gain a lady's ear. Desdemona herself was called for a witness, and professing her duty² to her father she said,—

“But here's my husband,
And so much duty as my mother showed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge³ that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.”

Brabantio could not but give his daughter to her husband, though he said he would gladly have kept her from him. When this was settled, Othello undertook the arrangement of the war, leaving Desdemona to follow him under the charge of a young soldier called Michael Cassio.

This Cassio had just been promoted to a place of trust in the army, which had greatly offended one of the older officers, named Iago, who resolved in some way to make enmity between him and Othello.

The vessel containing Desdemona arrived first at Cyprus; but Othello was not long delayed, and found her anxiously awaiting him, and there was a great festival in the island in honour of his coming. That night Cassio had the supervision⁴ of the guard, with strict orders from Othello to keep the soldiers from any excess in drinking; and Iago knowing this, deemed it a good opportunity for setting his mischievous schemes on foot.⁵

For this purpose he sought the company of the young officer, and in apparent good-nature pressed wine on⁶ him until he was over-excited, and easily led to talk loudly in praise of Desdemona. Then some other man was set on⁷ by Iago to provoke him—the

¹entschlossen, willens, ²Gehorsam, ³fordern, verlangen, sich anmaßen, ⁴Beaufsichtigung, ⁵ins Werk setzen, ⁶to press on aufdrängen, ⁷to set on antreiben.

end of which was a scuffle,¹ which led to a general riot.² This was just what Iago had desired; and ringing the alarm-bell of the castle, which was only done in some extreme danger, Othello was brought to the spot, and demanding to know the truth, heard of Cassio's offence, and took from him his lieutenant's post.

When Cassio recovered³ from the effect of the wine he had taken, he began to mourn over his weakness, and declare that he was undone,⁴ for he durst not beg the general to take him into favour again. Iago pretended⁵ to console him, and suggested⁶ that he should ask the lady Desdemona to plead⁷ his cause, for her good offices were certain to gain him his former place of trust. He further offered to bring about⁸ the interview, which he could easily do, because his wife was in attendance on⁹ Desdemona; to which the unsuspecting¹⁰ Cassio replied,—

“I humbly thank you for't.

I never knew a Florentine more kind and honest.”

Desdemona having listened to the young soldier's petition, readily undertook to speak for him, as he had always stood high in her favour; and then, hearing Othello coming, he hastened to withdraw, pressing his lips on her hand in token of his gratitude for her kindness.

“Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?”

said Othello to Iago, who was by his side, and who at once tried to put a suspicious thought into his general's mind by suggesting that surely Cassio would not steal guiltily away at his approach.

Desdemona came to meet her lord, and began at once pleading for the offender;¹¹ nor would she be put off¹² by any excuse, so that Othello promised pardon, although he said the time of granting it must be left to him. Thus far all was well; but the wicked Iago began to put false ideas before Othello when alone with him, and roused his displeasure by hinting that Cassio and Desdemona liked each other too well.

Having made Othello very angry, this vile¹³ man immediately cautioned¹⁴ him against jealousy, and advised that he should put

¹Balgerei, Handgemenge, ²Zumult, ³sich wieder erholen, ⁴vernichtet, verloren, ⁵to pretend vorgeben, sich stellen, als ob, ⁶einflüster, anraten, ⁷verteidigen, führen, ⁸herbeiführen, vermitteln, ⁹in Diensten bei, ¹⁰arglos, ¹¹der Übertreter, der Schuldige, ¹²to put off wegweisen, vertrösten, ¹³gemein, nichts würdig, ¹⁴to caution warnen.

off¹ his reconciliation with Cassio just a little longer, and in the meanwhile watch both him and Desdemona narrowly.³

Though the general agreed to be patient, his peace of mind was gone, just as Iago had intended. One moment he thought Desdemona faultless, the next he doubted her, and then he wished that this hateful suspicion had never been whispered to him.

Iago's next step was to steal a handkerchief belonging to Desdemona, drop it where Cassio was sure to pick it up,³ and then hasten to tell Othello it had been a gift from his wife to the young officer. Othello at once sought Desdemona, and asked for that handkerchief to bind about his temples,⁴ for his head ached;⁵ and when she could not find it he grew very angry, because it had been his own present, and had belonged first to his mother. Quite unconscious of what Iago had put into his mind, Desdemona began talking to her husband of Cassio, and again begged for his pardon; upon which Othello broke into such a storm of rage that she was quite frightened.

When he left her in anger, she begged Iago to tell her what she could do to regain her husband's favour.

"O good Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him."

Iago pretended that it was too light a matter to cause the lady any sorrow.

"'Tis but his humour;
The business of the state does him offence,⁶
And he does chide with you."

Upon which this gentle lady began to reproach herself for judging Othello unkindly.

When Desdemona met her lord again, he called her to him, that he might look into her eyes, and read there if she loved him truly.

But the cruel doubts which the wicked Iago had implanted could not thus easily be destroyed; and Othello broke out into bitter lamentation:—

¹verschieben, ²scharf, genau, ³aufheben, ⁴Schläfe, ⁵to ache (spr. äke), schmerzen, ⁶Ärger.

“Had it pleased Heaven
 To try me with affliction; had they¹ rained
 All kinds of sores² and shames on my bare head,
 Steeped³ me in poverty to the very lips,
 Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
 I should have found in some place of my soul
 A drop of patience.”

And then he went on to say that Desdemona had brought scorn⁴ and shame on him.

When the fair lady had gone to her apartment to prepare for rest that night, she began a mournful song, which she said would not go from her mind, and which a maiden of her mother's sang when she was dying:—

“The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore⁵ tree,
 Sing all a green willow;⁶
 Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
 Sing willow, willow, willow;
 The fresh streams ran by her, and murmured her moans;
 Sing willow, willow, willow;
 Her salt tears fell from her and softened the stones;—⁷
 Sing willow, willow, willow.”

Then she bade Emilia, her attendant (and who knew nothing of Iago's wicked schemes), good-night, and soon fell asleep.

While she slept, Othello came into the chamber with the intent to kill her; but she looked so fair, so calm, so pure, that he could not bear⁸ to shed her blood, although he did not shrink from his purpose of putting her to death. Bending over her, he pressed a last kiss on her lips, for he could not forget how fondly he had once loved her; and this roused the poor lady, and starting up she cried, “Who's there? Othello?”

¹they bezieht sich auf Heaven, welches als Collectivum = himmlische Mächte, zu fassen ist (Delius). Andere Ausgaben schreiben he, welches dann = God zu fassen ist. ²Schaden, Wunde, Geschwür, ³to steep tauchen, eintauchen, ⁴Verachtung, ⁵die Sykomore (der Maulbeerfeigenbaum), ⁶Weide. Die Weide galt als Symbol verlassener Liebe und wird in solcher Beziehung oft bei Sh. erwähnt (Delius). — Dieser Vers ist wohl so zu erklären, daß die Sängerin ihre Freundinnen und Gespielinnen auffordert: Weide, Weide, Weide zu singen, also ihren Schmerz durch die Erwähnung dieses Symbols gleichsam zu betätigen. ⁷und erweichten die Steine (aber nicht das Herz ihres Geliebten). (Sievers). ⁸ertragen, zulassen, fähig sein.

"Have you prayed to-night, Desdemona?" he asked; and she answered, "Ay, my lord."

Then said Othello,—

"If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconciled as yet to Heaven or grace,
Solicit for it straight."

Such words alarmed Desdemona, and she asked what their meaning might be; and Othello told her she should die, and began making false accusations against her. In vain she pleaded her perfect innocence; in vain, too, did she beg for mercy; seizing the bed-coverings, her angry husband dragged them over her head and stifled her.

Already he had given orders for Cassio to be put to death, and when at that moment he heard the voice of Emilia calling, "My lord, I would speak a word with you," he believed she had come to tell him what had happened to the young officer, and therefore unlocked the door.

But Cassio was not dead, only bleeding from the wounds received from the man who had tried to assassinate him, and whom he had killed in the struggle; and as Emilia told this, Desdemona's feeble voice was heard murmuring, "A guiltless death I die." Rushing to her mistress, Emilia found her drawing her last breath, for Othello had not done his cruel work so completely as he intended; but she in dying tried to make believe that it was by her own hand, for she would not throw the guilt upon her husband.

Emilia was not deceived, and she cried aloud, "Help! help! the Moor hath killed my mistress!" and several lords came hurrying in to hear what had happened.

Othello began to tell what Iago had made known to him of Desdemona's affection for Cassio, and he related the story of the handkerchief. But Emilia could not be silenced, and she related how it had been stolen by the desire of her own husband Iago, who, rushing forward, stabbed her in his rage at being found out.¹ Further proof was to follow; for certain letters were found in the pockets of Roderigo, who had attempted Cassio's murder, and these so plainly set forth that young officer's innocence and Iago's crime, that Othello saw he had murdered his wife without any cause of offence. The discovery of her perfect innocence filled him with such unutterable² remorse that he thrust himself through with

¹to find out entdecken, entlarven, ²unaussprechlich.

his own sword, and falling by the side of the lifeless Desdemona, expired.

Nothing remains to tell but that Iago was condemned to incur the utmost severity of the laws of the state, while every one mourned the end of their brave general. Just before dying, Othello spoke these last words:—

“I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,¹
Nor set down² aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought³
Perplexed⁴ in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian,⁵ threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued⁶ eyes,
Albeit⁷ unused to the melting mood,⁸
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum.”

¹abschwächen, beschönigen, ²to set down niederschreiben, ³bearbeitet, angetrieben, ⁴verwirrt, der Sinne beraubt, ⁵tribe bedeutete zu Sh.'s Zeiten Art; base wird in dem Sinne von unwissend, unverständlich gebraucht. Zwei englische Dichter nach Sh. haben Indier eingeführt, welche Perlen werfen, deren Wert sie nicht kennen. (Knight's Cabinet Shakespeare). ⁶übermunden, besiegt, ⁷albeit (awl-bé-it) = although, ⁸die schmelzende (d. h. Thränen hervorbringende) Gemütsstimmung.

XI.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

There were two noted¹ families in the city of Verona, between which a deadly feud² existed; so that if even a servant of the house of Montague met with a servant of the house of Capulet, a quarrel was certain to ensue,³ which not unfrequently ended in bloodshed.

A great supper was given by the old lord Capulet, to which all the nobles of Verona, with their ladies, were welcomed, excepting those of the noble house of Montague. Yet, in spite of the danger, the son of Lord Montague had gone there in disguise, hoping to see a fair lady, named Rosaline, whom he loved. It was at the instance⁴ of a friend that Romeo had gone to the banquet of the Capulets—a friend named Benvolio, who wished him to see that among the beauties of Verona, Rosaline was not so fair as he supposed her.

Well disguised, then, these two young men entered the palace accompanied by one⁵ Mercutio; and old Capulet bade them welcome, and set⁶ them to dance.

Presently Romeo observed among the dancers a lady whose grace and beauty exceeded all he had ever imagined; and as he spoke in praise of her to his friends, he was overheard⁷ by Tybalt, one of the Capulets, who recognized in his voice the tones of one of the hated Montagues.

Aussprache der Eigennamen: Abram (ábräm)—Balthásär—Benvolio — Cápulet — Éscalus — Grégory — Júliët—Laurence (Law) — Mercutio (kōōshio)—Móntägūe—Páris—Rómēō—Sampson (sáms'n)—Týbált.

¹ angesehen, berühmt, ² Fehde, ³ erfolgen, ⁴ dringende Bitte, ⁵ von einem gewissen, ⁶ auffordern, veranlassen, ⁷ to overhear belauschen.

Furious at the discovery, and that such a guest should¹ have been admitted under the disguise of a mask, Tybalt would have struck Romeo dead if Lord Capulet had not prevented any injury being done, saying, that the tongues of Verona spoke of him as "a virtuous and well-governed² youth."

After peace was restored between them (though Tybalt declared that Montague should repent his intrusion³ before long⁴), Romeo sought the lady whose beauty had so much attracted him and being dressed as a pilgrim, he touched her hand, calling it a shrine⁵ which perchance a pilgrim's lips might be permitted to press. She replied that his devotion⁶ was too courtly⁷ for a pilgrim, and talked with him until her mother summoned⁸ her away. Then Romeo heard, that she was the young Juliet, daughter of his greatest enemy.

This troubled him, yet he could not help loving the beautiful girl; and after he and his companions had left the banquet, Romeo remained in an orchard adjoining the garden of the Capulets, thinking of their meeting which had happened so unexpectedly.

As he mused⁹ thus, Juliet appeared at an upper window, looking more than ever beautiful in the moonlight; and as she gazed out, unconscious of Romeo's presence, she murmured, "O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?" She too had felt a great admiration for the young stranger, and finding he was indeed one of the Montagues, she wished that he had borne any other name than that which she dared not love.

At this Romeo could not refrain¹⁰ from speaking, but by so doing he alarmed Juliet, until she recognized his voice; then she warned¹¹ him of his danger, should one of her family find him lingering¹² near the house.

It was not long, however, before Juliet had promised herself in marriage to this noble youth; and with this promise they bade each other good-night.

Romeo did not go to his home when Juliet left the window; he betook himself¹³ to a monastery close by, there to seek counsel of one of the friars¹⁴ named Laurence. Early as it was,¹⁵ scarce daydawn,¹⁶ the good father was at his devotions,¹⁷ but he patiently

¹ von furious abhängig; Ausdrücke der Gemütsbewegung regieren das Hilfszeitwort should, ² wohlerzogen, ³ Eindringen, ⁴ in kurzem, ⁵ Altar, Reliquien-schrein, ⁶ Frömmigkeit, Verehrung, ⁷ höfisch, ⁸ to summon rufen, fordern, ⁹ to muse nachdenken, nachsinnen, vertieft sein, ¹⁰ sich enthalten, ¹¹ to warn benachrichtigen, ¹² to linger verweilen, ¹³ to betake one's self sich begeben, ¹⁴ Mönch, ¹⁵ so früh es auch war, ¹⁶ Morgendämmerung, ¹⁷ Andachtsübungen.

listened to Romeo's tale of love for Juliet. But Friar Laurence raised his hands in wonder when the young man begged that he would upon that very day perform the rite of marriage¹ for them! However, as Romeo continued to urge,² he agreed; for he thought such a union might put an end to the lamentable quarrel between the two families.

A trusty³ messenger was sent to Juliet, who did not fail⁴ to come to the friar's cell at the appointed hour, where they were united in marriage, with many prayers that the blessing of Heaven might rest upon them both.

As soon as the ceremony was over, Juliet hurried home; but Romeo promised to come to the garden when night drew on;⁵ so that they might talk with each other, as upon the previous evening.

About noon on that same day, Benvolio and Mercutio, who had been Romeo's companions at the Capulets' banquet, were met in the streets of Verona by the enraged Tybalt, and angry words were passing between them when Romeo himself came up.⁶

Looking upon Tybalt now as the kinsman of his own beloved Juliet, Romeo tried to soothe his rage, but in vain; for drawing their weapons, Tybalt and Mercutio fought until Mercutio received a death wound. Then Romeo's temper⁷ could no longer be controlled; and rushing upon Tybalt, he caused him in his turn to fall. By this time tidings of the quarrel had spread to every quarter of the city, so that not only Capulets and Montagues, but the prince himself, arrived upon the spot to hear what had caused the affray.⁸

Benvolio was first commanded to speak, but Lady Capulet, in her grief at the death of Tybalt, begged the prince to pay no heed⁹ to his words, but to punish Romeo; while Lady Montague pleaded for her son that he had done no ill in avenging himself upon the murderer of Mercutio.

The prince, having heard the case, passed sentence of banishment on Romeo; and this dread news was carried to the happy young bride,¹⁰ who waited with impatience for the moment when she should see her husband, according to his promise.

When she heard what had occurred, and that Romeo was banished from Verona, she shed bitter tears, although she rejoiced that his life had not been sacrificed to Tybalt's fury.

¹ Trauungszeremonie, ² drängen, ³ treu, sicher, ⁴ verfehlen, unterlassen, ⁵ herannahen, ⁶ to come up herankommen, ⁷ Gereiztheit, ⁸ Schlägerei, Auflauf, ⁹ Aufmerksamkeit, Beachtung, ¹⁰ junge Frau.

Meanwhile Romeo had sought refuge in the cell of Friar Laurence, and there he was when his sentence was made known to him. In his grief at a separation from Juliet, the young man was like one beside himself, flinging himself on the ground, tearing his hair, and refusing to listen to the friar, who sought to console and encourage him.

In vain did the holy man bid him be thankful that he was alive, and that instead of death his sentence was but banishment. Romeo turned from such comfort, until the friar bade him beware,¹ for all who gave themselves up to despair would surely die most miserably.

When Romeo became a little calmer, Friar Laurence advised him to go and bid Juliet farewell during the silence of the night, when none would discover and betray him, and then depart quietly to Mantua, there to remain until a fitting opportunity for making known his marriage should arrive.

It was with a heavy heart that Romeo parted with his bride; but he was forced to depart ere day dawned, lest he should be put to death in Verona.

Not many days after his departure, old Lord Capulet began to think of a suitable husband for Juliet; for he knew nothing of her secret marriage, and believed that Count Paris was a worthy suitor² for her hand.

Juliet was in a great dilemma.³ She dared not say she was Romeo's wife, neither did she dare disobey her father; so her only resource was to remind her parents how young she was for marriage, and how unseemly⁴ any such festivity would be when Tybalt, their near kinsman, had been so lately⁵ killed.

But her excuses were of no avail.⁶ Lord Capulet declared he had found a husband whom any maiden of Verona might be proud to wed, and that upon the following Thursday the marriage should take place.

Juliet knew no one who could help and counsel her but Friar Laurence, and to him she went in her great distress, declaring that she would rather die than be wedded to the Count Paris.

Now the friar had great skill in pharmacy, and thinking of a draught⁷ which he could concoct⁸ that would produce a sort of

¹ sich hüten, ² Bewerber, Freier, ³ dilemma daß Dilemma, Lage, in welcher von zwei möglichen Entschlüssen der eine so mißlich ist als der andere, ⁴ unpassend, ⁵ vor so kurzer Zeit, ⁶ vergeblich, ⁷ spr. draught, Trank, ⁸ to concoct zurecht-machen, bereiten (auf pharmaceutische Weise).

trance,¹ and yet do Juliet no harm, he asked her if she had courage to undertake² a remedy. Then he bade her go home and appear as cheerful as she could, and make no further resistance to her father's wishes; but on the next night she must drink the contents of the phial³ he gave her, and so upon the wedding morning they would find her apparently dead. She should thus be carried to the family vault and buried there; but in forty-two hours the effect of this draught would be gone,⁴ and before that time had passed, Romeo should be informed of what had been done, and he could come and rescue her from her living tomb, and carry her off to Mantua.

It was a terrible ordeal⁵ to pass through; but love for Romeo, and horror of the proposed marriage with Count Paris, gave Juliet courage to obey the friar's directions.

As she left the monastery she met the count, and no longer refused to be his bride. Old Lord Capulet was delighted at her sudden obedience to his will, and great preparations were made for the approaching marriage morning. On the Wednesday night Juliet drank the draught. She had many misgivings⁶ before she took it. Fear lest it might be poison was the first; but that passed, because she had long known the friar as a holy man. Then she wondered⁷ if Romeo would really come for her; or whether the horror of awaking in a vault where the murdered Tybalt already lay would not turn her brain. These and others were the scruples and dreads which came to poor Juliet; but in the end she put the phial to her lips, and soon became quite insensible.

Early next morning Paris came to seek his bride; but Juliet was lying apparently a motionless corpse. Grievous⁸ were the lamentations of the count, and still more grievous the mourning of the bereaved parents and the old nurse who had tended⁹ the fair girl from her infancy.

Instead of a marriage there was a funeral, and dirges¹⁰ instead of bridal music; and the flowers which had been gathered for the adornment of her beauty were now strewed upon her cold, motionless form.

Before the friar's messenger had reached Romeo with the real story of the mock¹¹ death and funeral, he had heard that Juliet

¹ Starrsucht, ² versuchen, wagen, ³ Fläschchen, ⁴ vorüber, ⁵ Prüfung (eigentlich: Gottesurteil), ⁶ Besorgnisse, böse Ahnungen, ⁷ neugierig, begierig sein zu erfahren, ⁸ schmerzlich, kummervoll, ⁹ to tend pflegen, warten, ¹⁰ dirge Trauer-
gesang, ¹¹ verstellt, falsch; Scheintod: apparent death.

was no more; and ordering horses to be prepared, had started at once for Verona, determined to see his bride again, though it was in death. But first he sought a poor apothecary, whom the sight of gold tempted to sell Romeo a strong poison; for the young man in his desperation resolved thus to seek death, since Juliet was lost to him.

It was midnight when he reached Verona and found the churchyard. He had obtained a light and a pick-axe, and was setting to work to open the monument, when he was arrested by some voice calling him "vile¹ Montague."

It was Count Paris who spoke, and who had come at that hour to weep over the grave of his promised bride; and as he knew not of Romeo's love, and recognized him as one of the enemies of the house of Capulet, he naturally supposed his errand² to be nothing but some dishonour to the remains of those who were buried there.

Romeo felt his passion rising, and warned Paris by the fate of Tybalt not to provoke him further; but the count persisted in his attempt to secure³ him, which resulted in a fight, and young Paris fell.

When Romeo found by the help of a light who it was that he had slain, he pressed the dead youth's hand, calling him a companion in misfortune, and said he should be buried in Juliet's grave.

Opening it at last, Romeo looked once more upon his lovely bride, still fair and blooming, as if death had not touched her with its icy finger. There too lay Tybalt in his blood-stained⁴ shroud;⁵ and at this sight Romeo knelt and implored pardon of the lifeless body; then raising to his lips the poison which he had obtained, he drank it off⁶ and died.

Meanwhile Friar Laurence heard, that the messenger he had despatched to tell Romeo the news, had been detained on his way to Mantua, and thus had not seen the young man. Knowing that the forty-two hours were just expiring, and that Juliet would be awaking from her long sleep, the good man hastened to the monument, that he might set her free, and conceal her in his own cell until her husband should arrive. To his surprise he found the tomb open and a light burning; but next moment he beheld with horror the marks of bloodshed, and the lifeless bodies of Paris and Romeo.

Before he could exclaim at such a sight, Juliet awoke from the

¹ gemein, elend, ² Auftrag, Zweck, Absicht, ³ festnehmen, ⁴ blutbefleckt, ⁵ Leichentuch, ⁶ to drink off austrinken.

trance, and observing the friar, remembered all that had happened, and asked for Romeo.

The friar heard some noise, and said,—

“Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted¹ our intents. Come, come away.”

But Juliet would not stir. With her own eyes she saw her husband dead, and the phial in his hand helped her to divine that he had swallowed a poisonous draught. The noise came nearer; the friar fled in haste; but Juliet had one fixed purpose in her mind,—she too must die, for life without Romeo was impossible.

Touching his lips with her own, she hoped to receive some of the poison which remained upon them; then as footsteps approached, she unsheathed² a dagger which he wore and stabbing herself fell prostrate³ by her husband's side.

The city watch had now arrived, for the page of Count Paris had spread an alarm in the streets of Verona, and Capulets and Montagues, with the prince himself, hastened to the tomb.

The friar had been found close by, and was now bidden to relate what had happened; so he told the story of Romeo and Juliet's love, their secret marriage, and tragic death. A servant who had attended Romeo had letters in his keeping⁴ which were written by his master to Lord Montague, making good⁵ the story the friar had related, and setting forth⁶ his purpose to die by poison, and thus lie in death by the side of his bride.

So at the grave the breach⁷ was healed, and the two bereaved fathers clasped⁸ hands in friendship, the one declaring he would raise to Juliet's memory a statue of purest gold, the other promising the same honour to the name of Romeo.

¹to thwart durchkreuzen, ²to unsheathe aus der Scheide ziehen, entblößen, ³auf die Kniee, auch: der Länge nach, ⁴Verwahrung, ⁵to make good beweisen, bestätigen, ⁶an den Tag legen, zeigen, ⁷Bruch, Uneinigkeit, ⁸to clasp ergreifen, drücken.

XII.

KING JOHN.

In those old times when John was on the throne of England,¹ there came a day when, seated in one of the apartments of Northampton Palace, he gave an audience to Chatillon, the ambassador of the King of France.

Queen Elinor, the sovereign's mother, was there, and some of the counsellors, besides the officers and soldiers of the royal court, before whom now Chatillon prepared to deliver² his important message:—

“Philip of France, in right and true behalf³
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island and the territories,—
To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,—
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways⁴ usurpingly⁵ these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.”

Though John knew himself an usurper, he was in nowise intimidated by such a message; and in reply he said,—

“What follows if we disallow⁶ of this?”

Aussprache der Eigennamen: Angiers (andjèrz) — Aústria (aú)
Arthur (áhr)—Bígot—Blanch (blahnsh)—Chatillon (franžöf.) — Coústance—
Élinör—Faulconbridge (faúk'n)—Geoffrey (djěffrē)—Húbert dē Burgh—Jāmes
Gúrnēy—John (djonn)—Lewis (lú-is)—Loúgsword (sōrd)—Marshall (máhr)
—Melun (franž.) —Pándulph—Pēter—Pómfret—Phílip.

¹1199—1216, ²to dēliver vortragen, ³Interesse, ⁴regieren, führen, ⁵unrechtmäßiger, angemäßer Weise, ⁶nicht einwilligen, verwerfen.

Chatillon told him that the king of France would then make war upon him: but John said he could give "war for war", and so bade him return whence he came.

Then spoke Queen Elinor declaring she had always foreseen that Constance, the widow of Geoffrey, would never rest until she had induced the King of France to assert¹ the rights of her young son, and blaming John because he had not prevented it by maintaining friendship with her.

Meanwhile the King of France awaited with some impatience the answer from England; for Chatillon was detained by adverse² winds, and returned not until King John had made ready for war, and was already on his way to Angiers.³

Even as the ambassador spoke, the drums were heard heralding⁴ the approach of the English, and presently the two kings confronted each other.⁵

"Peace be to France, if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal⁶ entrance to our own!"

exclaimed King John; but he added,—

"If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,
Whiles we, God's wrathful⁷ agent⁸ do correct⁹
Their proud contempt that beats¹⁰ His peace to heaven."

The King of France replied by asserting that he loved England, but that, because it was the right of Geoffrey, the elder brother (and therefore, now¹¹ he was dead, of Geoffrey's son), he was resolved to fight for the weak, and dethrone, if possible, an unlawful king.

"Alack,¹² thou dost usurp authority,"

cried John; but Philip of France answered,—

"Excuse; — it is to beat usurping¹³ down."

¹verfechten, ²widrig, ungünstig, ³Angers, jetzt der Hauptort des Departements Maine-et-Loire, am Flusse Maine; die ehemalige Hauptstadt von Anjou, ⁴to herald einführen, ankündigen, ⁵einander gegenübertreten, ⁶lineal in gerader Linie abstammend (hier: daß durch Abstammung in gerader Linie erworbene Recht zu), ⁷pr. rähthful, zornig, grimmig, ⁸agent Vollzieher, Diener, Werkzeug, ⁹züchtigen, strafen, ¹⁰to beat schlagen, treiben, ¹¹jetzt da, ¹²ach! ¹³die Usurpation, unrechtmäßige Gewaltherrschaft.

Elinor had accompanied her son upon his journey, and bitter words now passed¹ between her and the young Arthur's mother; but Lewis, the Dauphin, bade them cease, and called upon King John to lay down his arms, and resign to Geoffrey's son his rightful inheritance.

As the English king remained immovable in his decision, the citizens of Angiers were called by the sound of the trumpet to assemble, and declare whose title they would admit, for they held² the town for the crown of England.

“Till you compound³ whose right is worthiest,
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from⁴ both” —

was their reply. Upon which both kings called their soldiers to arms, and a contest ensued.

It was not, however, a decisive one, for it seemed that strength and power were equally matched;⁵ so that it would have recommenced, had not the citizens bethought themselves of a means by which peace might be secured. And it was this: Blanch of Castile,⁶ the niece of King John, was a fair and lovely princess, so fair, that of her it was said,—

“If lusty⁷ love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous⁸ love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match⁹ of birth,
Whose veins bound¹⁰ richer blood than Lady Blanch?”

It seemed, then, to the chief inhabitants of Angiers, that the best way of reconciling the two opponents was, to give the hand of Blanch in marriage to the French dauphin, that so John should be united to Philip by the ties of relationship.

Even the old Queen Elinor was satisfied, and begged her son to entertain¹¹ this project; so it was settled, and the fair lady's uncle declared that he would give up many of the territories he held in France as a dowry¹² for her.

¹ wechseln, hin und her gehen, ² to hold inne haben, besetzt halten, ³ sich vergleichen, ausmachen, ⁴ vorenthalten, ⁵ gleichmäßig ausgeglichen, einander gewachsen, ebenbürtig, ⁶ spr. kastél Kastilien, ⁷ sinnlich, äußerlich, ⁸ ernst, fromm, ⁹ Gleichheit, ¹⁰ in sich schließen, ¹¹ unterhalten, fördern, unterstützen, ¹² Ausstattung, Mitgift.

In the general satisfaction caused by this proposed marriage, the King of France had forgotten Constance, and his promise to fight in the interests of her young son. When he remembered her, he cried,—

“Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turned another way
To our own vantage,”

King John, however, thought it a matter which might be very easily arranged, and declared that all ill feeling could be healed by making young Arthur Duke of Bretagne, Earl of Richmond, and Lord of the “fair town” of Angiers.

But the ambition of Constance was not so easily satisfied; and when she heard what had been done, she at first refused to believe the tidings, crying, when assured of its truth,—

“Oh, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die!”

And in an agony¹ of wounded pride she threw herself on the ground, and wept bitterly.

Hardly had the marriage between the dauphin and Blanch of Castile been solemnized, when Pandulph, the legate of the Pope, appeared, demanding of King John how he dared keep Stephen Langton, the Archbishop of Canterbury, from his see,² thus rebelling against the command of Innocent, the Sovereign Pontiff.

The English king had sworn before, and now declared again, that Stephen Langton should not “take tithe³ or toll”⁴ in his dominions; so the legate pronounced against him the sentence of excommunication, as a disobedient and rebellious son of Holy Church; whereat Constance loudly rejoiced.

Pandulph next called upon King Philip to make John feel the power of France, if he remained obstinate in refusing submission to the Pope. As Philip hesitated, his son, the dauphin, urged him to give up the friendship of England, rather than incur the displeasure of Rome; but the King was loath⁵ to relinquish the recently arranged peace, and, turning to the cardinal, exclaimed,—

¹ Todesſchmerz, ² Sitz, ³ Zehnten, ⁴ Zoll, ⁵ abgeneigt.

“Oh, holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so!
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle¹ order; and then we shall be blessed
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.”

But Pandulph was not so to be moved, and with authoritative² voice he cried,—

“Therefore, to arms! be champion³ of our Church,
Or let the Church, our mother, breathe⁴ her curse,⁵
A mother’s curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafèd⁶ lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.”

This command had great power over Philip, and he yielded to it, declaring that he relinquished the friendship of the King of England; so they took to arms again, and in the first encounter John seized the person of his young nephew Arthur, and conveyed him as a prisoner to his camp, placing him under the strict watch of one of his lords named Hubert.

Great was the grief of Philip of France when he found the battle was lost to him, Angiers taken, and Arthur made prisoner; but it was as nothing compared with the grief of the Lady Constance, who seemed as one distracted.⁷

Pandulph, the cardinal, strove in vain to soothe⁸ her, telling her that her speech savoured⁹ more of madness than of sorrow.

“I am not mad: I would to Heaven I were!
For then ’tis like¹⁰ I should forget myself”—

she cried. Then King Philip told her she appeared as fond of cherishing her grief as she had been of cherishing¹¹ her son.

Such words could have no power in a sorrow so intense as that of Constance and she answered,—

¹mild, ²gebieterisch, ³Kämpfe, Verteidiger, ⁴ausatmen, sprechen, ⁵der Fluch der Kirche erhält dadurch sein Gewicht, daß er der Fluch einer Mutter ist (Delius). ⁶to chafe reizen, ⁷wie eine Wahnsinnige, ⁸beruhigen, besänftigen, ⁹to savour schmecken, ¹⁰wahrscheinlich, ¹¹to cherish pflegen, hegen, liebösen.

"Grief fills the room up¹ of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,²
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then,³ have I reason to be fond of grief?
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do."

We must now pass to Northampton, whither the poor little prisoner had been conveyed by the command of the inhuman uncle, who had already declared to Hubert that he should have no rest until the boy's life was put an end to.

But so cruel was John of England, that it would not satisfy him unless his young nephew were painfully tortured first; and therefore he had commanded Hubert to put out⁴ his eyes with red-hot irons.

In one of the rooms of the castle two attendants were making preparations for this terrible deed; and bidding them await a signal, whereupon they were to rush in⁵ and bind the boy, Hubert called his prisoner to him.

"Good morrow, Hubert," said the child; then perceiving that his keeper looked melancholy, he asked him why, adding,—

"Methinks nobody should be sad but I."

His innocent face moved Hubert to pity, and so he still kept silence; but the little prince went on,—

"Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth,⁶ I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch with you:
I warrant⁷ I love you more than you do me."

With a great effort Hubert now handed him a paper, on which his sentence was clearly written; but Arthur could hardly believe that it would indeed be carried out, and he cried,—

"Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkercher⁸ about your brows,—
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,—
And I did never ask it you again;

¹fills the room up = fills up the room, ²Talente, Anlagen, Eigenschaften,
³also, ⁴ausstechen, ⁵hereinstürzen, ⁶in Wahrheit, wahrlich, ⁷verbürgen, dafür
stehen, ⁸= handkerchief.

And with my hand at midnight held your head;
 And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
 Still and anon cheered up the heavy time,¹
 Saying, 'What lack you?' and 'Where lies your grief?'
 Or 'What good love may I perform for you?'
 Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
 But you at your sick service² had a prince.
 Nay, you may think my love a crafty love,
 And call it cunning: do, an if³ you will:
 If Heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
 Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
 These eyes that never did nor never shall
 So much as⁴ frown⁵ on you."

Declaring that he had sworn so to do, Hubert stamped⁶ on the floor, and the attendants rushed in with cords to bind the unhappy boy, also the heated irons with which his eyes were to be put out; but Arthur still expected protection from his keeper, and clinging to him cried,—

"Oh, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out
 Even with⁷ the fierce looks of these bloody men."

So pathetic were his entreaties, so earnestly did the child plead for himself, that Hubert ordered the men away, and at length promised that his eyes should not be put out; but he said,—

"Your uncle must not know but⁸ you are dead:"

for well did he understand the vindictive⁹ hatred his royal master felt towards his brother's son.

Meanwhile, it had pleased King John to be crowned a second time, thinking thereby to make his seat upon the throne more secure, even though his lords told him it had been superfluous; indeed, the Earl of Salisbury declared that—

"To guard¹⁰ a title that was rich before,
 To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,

¹wie die Minuten, die in ihrer steten Aufeinanderfolge immer wachsam sind, die Stunden hinhalten, so hielt Arthur immer wieder und von neuem die Zeit hin, die dem kranken Hubert so schwer verstrich (Delius). ²Krankendienst, ³=if, ⁴auch nur, ⁵unfreundlich ansehen, ⁶to stamp stampfen, ⁷von, bei, ⁸anders als daß, ⁹rachfüchtig, ¹⁰verbrämen, mit einem Besatz verzieren. — Johann's Würde und Besitz (title) waren schon vorher reich genug, als daß sie noch eines nachträglichen Aufputzes bedurft hätten. (Delius).

To throw a perfume on the violet,
 To smooth¹ the ice, or add another hue²
 Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light³
 To seek the beauteous⁴ eyes of heaven⁵ to garnish,⁶
 Is wasteful⁷ and ridiculous excess."⁸

While the king was thus conversing with his courtiers, Hubert arrived to say that the young Prince Arthur was dead; but both the Earls of Pembroke and Salisbury looked suspiciously upon their sovereign, as if believing that he had not been guiltless⁹ in the matter. They left the king's presence, resolving to inquire into the cause of the child's death; but even as they departed, a messenger came hurrying in to tell the news of the arrival of the French force under the command of the dauphin. It was ill news to the ears of John, and as he pondered¹⁰ over it Hubert re-entered the apartment, speaking again of the young Arthur's death, and of how all the old men and dames in the street were talking of it; for he desired to make the king think it true, that so he might escape his anger for not executing his sentence on the boy.

Then John cried,—

"Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
 Why urgest¹¹ thou so oft young Arthur's death?
 Thy hand hath murdered him: I had a mighty cause
 To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him."

Hubert reminded the king of his commands; but John declared it was a bad thing to have about him those who would make his humours¹² a pretext for taking human life; even when shown his own written order, duly signed and sealed, he declared that it would never have come into his mind to rid himself of the child but for¹³ Hubert's influence.

Seeing him in this mood,¹⁴ Hubert now ventured to tell his sovereign that Arthur was alive; and on hearing it John bade him hasten and bring back the angry lords, that they might know the truth.

¹ glätten, ² eine andere Farbe, als die schon vorhandenen, also eine neu hinzukommende Farbe (Delius), ³ Kerzenlicht, ⁴ spr. bü-tē-us oder bütshius schön, ⁵ d. h. die Sterne, ⁶ besetzen, zieren, schmücken, ⁷ verschwenderisch, ⁸ Übermaß, Übertreibung, — Diese schöne Sentenz könnte die Überschrift Superfluity oder Perfection admits of no addition erhalten, ⁹ schuldlos, ¹⁰ to ponder erwägen, nachdenken, ¹¹ bringen auf, nachdrücklich erwähnen, ¹² Launen, ¹³ ohne, wäre nicht gewesen, ¹⁴ Laune, Stimmung.

At that very time the poor captive boy was standing on the walls of the castle of Northampton, thinking it would be a happy ending of his sorrows if he had courage to leap from the height. The idea was terrible to him, for he was so young and timid; yet the constant terror in which he had lived since Hubert spared him was hard to bear, for he was always expecting his uncle to discover him, and put him to some cruel death. Then he thought that though the wall was high, the leap might not kill him, and if he reached the ground uninjured, it would be easy to get away to some safe place of hiding; so he sprang from the castle wall, but so terribly was he injured, that he died there upon the hard stones, crying,—

“Heaven take my soul.”

By this time the Earls of Pembroke and Salisbury had reached Northampton, determined on discovering the true fate of the young prince; and when they saw the bruised¹ and bleeding body lying beneath the castle walls, they believed he had been murdered.

Hubert found them there, and in his haste, knowing nothing of what had befallen the child, cried,—“Arthur doth live! The king hath sent for you.”

For answer the indignant lords pointed to the lifeless corpse, charging him with the murder; but Hubert declared that he was innocent, and that, but an hour before, he had left the young prince both alive and well.

King John had by this time reconciled himself to Rome; whereon Cardinal Pandulph, the Pope's legate, undertook to dismiss the French troops already landed. But the dauphin would not so easily lay down his arms; and a great battle ensued in which the English fared so badly,² that John declared himself sick at heart,³ and he retreated before the fall of night put an end to the combat. Hated by his nobles, forsaken by his friends, he was of all men the most unhappy, while his conscience was troubled by the remembrance of his many crimes: a fever attacked him, from which he died at Newark Castle and was buried at Worcester,⁴ as he had desired.

¹to bruise (spr. brooze), zerstoßen, zermalmen, ²es ging ihnen so schlecht, ³übel, unwohl, ⁴spr. uust'r.

XIII.

KING RICHARD II.

1377-1399

Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford, and Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, sought the presence of their king, each to accuse the other of the crime of high treason. It was the will of Richard II.¹ that they should be confronted,² and "face to face, and frowning³ brow to brow," speak freely.

Bolingbroke was the king's cousin, and he first was bidden to prefer⁴ his complaint against the noble Norfolk.

"What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?⁵

It must be great that can inherit⁶ us

So much as⁷ of a thought of ill in him."

Then said Bolingbroke, that the Duke of Norfolk had received a large sum of money to disburse among the king's soldiers, but that he had retained it for some ill purpose. Further, that every treason which had been schemed⁸ in England had sprung from him, during a long course of years. And, lastly, that he had planned the death of the Duke of Gloucester.

Mowbray of Norfolk indignantly denied each of these charges, and challenged⁹ his opponent to a combat; but the king strove to

Aussprache der Eigennamen: Aumerle (aw)—Bägot—Berkeley (bürkli)—Bushy (büſchi)—Carlisle (kahrlile)—Cicester (sister)—Cótswöld—Fitzwater (=water Wasser)—Gaunt (gawnt)—Glóster—Hěreford—Heńry Bólingbróke—King Richard (ritchard)—Lańglēy—Mówbrāy—Northumberland—Piēce of Exton—Salisbury (sāwlsberi)—Stēphen (ph=v)—Súrrēy Wéstminster—Willōughby.

¹ 1377—1399, ² to confront, einander gegenüberstellen, ³ unfreundlich, finster, ⁴ vorbringen, ⁵ zur Last legen, ⁶ in Besitz setzen, ⁷ auch nur selbst, ⁸ to scheme (spr. skēme), planen, ⁹ herausfordern.

make peace between them, and called upon his uncle, John of Gaunt, who was Bolingbroke's father, to try and calm the passion of his son.

But as all interference¹ seemed vain in restoring friendship between the two angry nobles, Richard bade them both be ready by² the festival of St. Lambert,³ to settle⁴ the quarrel with their swords and lances, at Coventry.

Upon the appointed day, a large company assembled at Gosford Green,⁵ near Coventry, to view the combat. A throne had been there erected for King Richard, and, as a herald ushered in⁶ the Duke of Norfolk, he bade the lord marshal proceed⁷ in an orderly way, by inquiring in what cause Mowbray was about to fight. Then cried the noble,—

“My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk;
 Who hither come engagèd by my oath —
 Which God defend⁸ a knight should violate! — *unsaft*
 Both to defend my loyalty and truth
 To God, my king, and his succeeding issue,⁹
 Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals¹⁰ me;
 And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
 To prove him, in defending of myself,
 A traitor to my God, my king, and me;
 And as I truly fight, defend me Heaven!”

Having thus spoken he sat down, and another trumpet sounded, which heralded¹¹ the approach of Henry Bolingbroke. He also was called upon to state the cause for which he fought. And thus he answered:—

“Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby¹²
 Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
 To prove, by God's grace and my body's valour,
 In lists¹³ on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
 That he's a traitor, foul¹⁴ and dangerous,
 To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me;
 And as I truly fight, defend me Heaven!”

¹ Einmischung, Vermittelung, ² bis zur Zeit, ³ 17. September, ⁴ ausmachen, ⁵ Anger, Aue, ⁶ to usher in einführen, ⁷ verfahren, ⁸ Gott verhöte, ⁹ spr. ich schuh, Nachkommenschaft, ¹⁰ anlagen, ¹¹ to herald ankündigen, ¹² Derby, meist dahrbi, doch auch durbi gesprochen, ¹³ Schranken, Kampfplatz, ¹⁴ gemein, schändlich, nichtswürdig.

Then he stepped forward, bowing low before the king, and bidding him farewell, lest¹ he might fall by Mowbray's sword; to his father, John of Gaunt, he turned, craving² his blessing; and so made himself ready.

Mowbray of Norfolk now approached the king, declaring himself his majesty's faithful servant, whether conqueror³ or vanquished; and he added that he should engage in the encounter as blithely⁴ as if it were a sport, for "Truth hath a quiet breast."

Both nobles had taken lance in hand, when the king stayed⁵ them, and forbidding them to fight, pronounced sentence of banishment on both.

"You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,
Till twice five summers have enriched our fields,⁶
Shall not regret our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment."

Upon Norfolk a still heavier doom⁷ rested.⁸

lament | "The sly slow⁹ hours shall not determinate¹⁰
The dateless limit of thy dear¹¹ exile;
The hopeless word of 'Never to return'
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life."

The duke felt that it was a hard sentence. For forty years he had lived, knowing no other home than England, no other tongue than that spoken on its shore, and he cried,—

"What is thy sentence then but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?"

King Richard, for the sake of his uncle, John of Gaunt, took four years off the number during which his cousin Bolingbroke was to be an exile; but he felt his punishment keenly,¹² and exclaimed,—

¹vor lest ist hier ein Ausdruck der Furcht oder Besorgnis zu ergänzen (trembling, fearing, afraid oder dergl.): in der Besorgnis, daß —, ²to crave bitten um, verlangen, ³Sieger, ⁴munter, lustig, ⁵to stay anhalten, Halt gebieten, ⁶eine schöne dichterische Periphrase (Umschreibung) für: zehn Jahre, ⁷Richterspruch, ⁸to rest ruhen, ⁹die Stunden, wie sie heimlich und verstoßen dahinschleichen, sly schlau, hinterlistig, ¹⁰=to end beendigen, ¹¹dear in der älteren Bedeutung: schmerzlich, nahe gehend. ¹²scharf, lebhaft, schmerzlich.

"Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu;
 My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
 Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,—
 Though banished, yet a trueborn¹ Englishman."

At that time Ireland was in a state of rebellion, and it was no easy matter to raise money for supporting the troops employed there. While King Richard was considering what to do in this matter, news came to him of the serious illness of old John of Gaunt; and he at once said that his uncle's lands and revenues would fall in² most opportunely³ to pay the soldiers, if by good fortune he were to die. York, also the king's uncle, vainly tried to remind him of the claims of the banished Bolingbroke. As soon as the poor old duke had breathed his last, Richard said,—

"Think what you will, we seize in our hands,
 His plate,⁴ his goods, his money, and his lands."

This done, the monarch set off for Ireland, to the great distress⁵ of his queen, who seemed to fear some impending⁶ danger. "Some unborn sorrow is coming towards me," she said; and very soon she heard that Harry of Hereford, at the head of a considerable force, was returning home, ere the term of his banishment had expired, to claim the fortune and estates of his deceased father. Still worse was it to know that many of the nobles, including the Earl of Northumberland and his son Henry Percy, had deserted the king's standard, and were hastening to join Hereford.

The old Duke of York did his best to muster⁷ an army to resist the advancing enemy; but in the absence of the king his difficulties were great, and he truly said,—

"All is uneven,⁸
 And everything is left at six and seven."⁹

Bolingbroke had reached Gloucestershire with his adherents, when Lord Berkeley was sent from the Duke of York, asking why he came to take advantage of Richard's absence; but when called by the name of "Hereford," he would not answer, declaring he had come as Lancaster, the successor to his father's title.

The Duke of York was not long in following his messenger; and Henry Bolingbroke immediately knelt to him, and saluted him as, "My gracious uncle."

¹echt, wahr, ²eintreten, sich einstellen, ³gelegen, willkommen, ⁴Silbergeschirr, ⁵Sammer, Betrübnis, ⁶drohend, unmittelbar bevorstehend, ⁷aufstellen, zusammenbringen, ⁸uneben, ⁹in Unordnung und Verwirrung.

The old duke, however, was much too angry to receive his courtesy¹ well, and he declared that he was "no traitor's uncle." Henry then put before him the injustice of Richard's conduct in his regard; and the duke was forced to admit that he had been wronged, and at last he said,—

"If I could, ...
I would attach² you all, and make you stoop³
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But since I cannot, be it known to you
I do remain as neuter."

Meanwhile King Richard, who had heard the news, made haste to leave Ireland; and reaching Wales, comforted himself with reflecting how large a number of loyal subjects still remained to him. But tidings came that the Welshmen⁴ had been told he was dead, and had therefore enrolled themselves in Bolingbroke's army; that all the northern castles were given up to him; and that the southern gentlemen of England were of his party.

Richard was thrown into despair at this state of things, and declared he would go to Flint Castle, and in that solitude pine away.⁵ When he had retired there in company with the few lords who remained faithful to him, Bolingbroke arrived with his men, and sent to Richard a messenger, saying that he would lay down arms, provided that his sentence of banishment were repealed and his lands restored.

King Richard, knowing the weakness of his position, was forced to promise that he would yield to these requirements;⁶ but it grieved him exceedingly to do so, and he said,—

"What must the king do now? must he submit?
The king shall do it: must he be deposed?
The king shall be contended: must he lose
The name of king? o'⁷ God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set⁸ of beads,⁹
My georgeous¹⁰ palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an almsman's¹¹ gown,
My figured goblets¹² for a dish of wood,

¹ spr. kúrtsi Verbeugung (courtesy 3silbig: Höflichkeit, Freundlichkeit),
² verhaften, ³ sich beugen, ⁴ die Walliser, ⁵ dahin schmachten, ⁶ Forderungen, ⁷ o' = in,
⁸ Satz, Garnitur, ⁹ bead Knöpfchen, Perle; a set of beads ein Rosenkranz,
¹⁰ prunkvoll, prächtig, ¹¹ Almosenempfänger, ¹² Becher mit Figuren in erhabener Arbeit.

My sceptre for a palmer's¹ walking-staff,
 My subjects for a pair of carved² saints,
 And my large kingdom for a little grave,
 A little little grave, an obscure grave."

With the mockery³ of respect, Richard was now conducted to London, where Bolingbroke began an inquiry as to the undiscovered murderer of the Duke of Gloucester, whom he had formerly supposed to be the banished Norfolk.

Aumerle, the Duke of York's son, was charged with the crime, one or two lords deponing⁴ to the fact of his having said that his arm was long enough to reach as far as Calais⁵ and his uncle's head; but he would not confess⁶ to it, and demanded that Norfolk should be brought back and confronted with him.

Then the Bishop of Carlisle, who was among the lords spiritual there assembled, said:—

"That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
 Many a time hath banished Norfolk fought
 For Jesus Christ in glorious Christian field,
 Streaming⁷ the ensign of the Christian cross
 Against black pagans,⁸ Turks, and Saracens;
 And toiled with⁹ works of war, retired himself
 To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
 His body to that pleasant country's earth,
 And his pure soul unto his captain¹⁰ Christ,
 Under whose colours¹¹ he had fought so long."

Now came the ceremony of deposing Richard, and hailing Bolingbroke as King Henry IV.

The Bishop of Carlisle spoke out boldly against this step, crying,—

"Oh, forbend¹² it, God,
 That in a Christian climate souls refined¹³
 Should show so heinous,¹⁴ black, obscene¹⁵ a deed!
 I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
 Stirred up¹⁶ by God, thus boldly for his king.
 My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,

¹ Pilger, Wallfahrer, ² geschnitten, ³ Schein, Trugbild, ⁴ to depone heißt: als Pfand niederlegen, hinterlegen, deponieren, zusehen, wetten; dieß paßt hier nicht, es wird jedenfalls to depose heißen müssen: eidlich aussagen, bezeugen, ⁵ spr. kallis, ⁶ to confess to sich bekennen zu, ⁷ to stream strömen lassen, entrollen, entfalten, ⁸ Heiden, ⁹ ermüdet von, ¹⁰ Feldherr, ¹¹ Fahne, Banner, ¹² = forbid, defend, ¹³ gebildet, gesittet, ¹⁴ abscheulich, scheußlich, ¹⁵ garstig, häßlich, ¹⁶ angeregt.

Is a foul¹ traitor to proud Hereford's king,
 And if you crown him, let me prophesy:—
 The blood of English shall manure² the ground,
 And future ages groan³ for this foul act."

But for saying this he was immediately arrested on charge of high treason; and then the king was brought in to surrender his crown in presence of all assembled.

There was something very touching in Richard's dejected⁴ demeanour,⁵ as, taking the emblem⁶ of royalty in his hands, he said, "Here, cousin, seize the crown."

Bolingbroke answered that he had understood Richard was willing to resign it.

"My crown I am;⁷ but still my griefs are mine," was the reply, and then he went on to say,—

"I give this heavy weight from off my head,
 And this unwieldy⁸ sceptre from my hand,
 The pride of kingly sway⁹ from out my heart;
 With mine own tears I wash away my balm,¹⁰
 With mine own hands I give away my crown,
 With mine own tongue deny¹¹ my sacred state,
 With mine own breath release¹² all duty's rites:¹³
 All pomp and majesty I do forswear;¹⁴
 My manors,¹⁵ rents,¹⁶ revenues I forego;¹⁷
 My acts,¹⁸ decrees,¹⁹ and statutes²⁰ I deny:²¹
 God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
 God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee!²²
 Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved,
 And thou²³ with all pleased, that hast all achieved!
 Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
 And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
 God save King Harry, unkinged²⁴ Richard says,
 And send him many years of sunshine days!"

1 schändlich, 2 düngen, 3 seufzen, 4 niedergeschlagen, verzweifelt, 5 Betragen, Haltung, 6 Sinnbild, Zeichen, 7 zu ergänzen: willing to resign, 8 unbehülflich, schwer zu führen, zu regieren, 9 Herrschaft, 10 Balsam, Salböl, 11 verleugnen, verzichten, 12 erlassen, 13 die herkömmlichen Suldigungen von Seiten seiner bisherigen Unterthanen (Delius), 14 abschwören, 15 Landgüter, 16 Gefälle, 17 aufgeben, verzichten auf, 18 Gesetze, 19 Verfügungen, 20 Verordnungen, Gesetze, 21 verleugnen, 22 Gott erhalte alle Gelübde ungebrochen, die man dir schwört, 23 eigentlich sollte es thee heißen, 24 der die Königswürde verloren hat, der Königswürde beraubt.

It would seem that he could not have more deeply humbled himself, yet a paper was now put into Richard's hands, setting forth¹ all the different wrongs² he and his followers had ever committed, that so it might be proved that he was justly deposed; and when this had been read, he was ordered³ to the Tower.

Richard's unhappy queen had placed herself, with her ladies, in the street through which he had to pass; but suddenly the mind of Bolingbroke changed, and he ordered the ex-monarch to Pontefract,⁴ otherwise called Pomfret Castle instead, while his queen was sent to France.

Vainly did the poor lady plead,⁵ "Whither he goes, thither let me go." They were forced to part,⁶ and Richard murmured:—

"Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off than, near, be ne'er the near.⁷
Go, count⁸ thy way with sighs; I mine with groans."

In the lonely castle of Pomfret was the poor dethroned king now confined, and there he received news of the gay doings⁹ in London upon Henry the Fourth's coronation-day. While he listened, and heard also how his own horse had carried the new sovereign, stepping proudly beneath his burden, the keeper¹⁰ came in with a covered dish, and asked Richard to eat.

"Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do," replied Richard; but the man declared that Sir Pierce Exton, the new governor of the castle, had forbidden him to do so.

Many insults, many trials¹¹ had fallen to Richard's share, and now he felt he could endure no more. Letting his passion have way, he struck the man, whose cries brought in the governor and some armed servants. In the tumult which ensued, Exton killed the late¹² king with his sword; and believing that Henry IV. would rejoice, conveyed his coffin into the royal presence.

But Henry did not rejoice as Exton expected. Though he had heartily desired the death of Richard, he was alarmed by the crime thus committed, and declared his purpose of going on pilgrimage to the Holy Land, as an act of penance¹³ for the share he had borne in it.

¹offenbaren, darlegen, ²Bergehen, ³to order auf Befehl bringen lassen, schicken, ⁴spr. púmfred, ⁵fliegend sagen, ⁶sich trennen, ⁷=nearer. „Besser, weit weg zu sein, als nahe, ohne sich darum näher zu sein.“ (Delius). ⁸zählen, messen, ⁹Zustbarkeiten, ¹⁰Gefängniswärter, Kerkermeister, ¹¹Prüfungen, ¹²gewesen, ehemals, ¹³Buße.

XIV.

KING HENRY IV.

A year had gone by since Henry IV. of England first purposed a journey to Palestine—

“To chase these pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walked those blessèd feet
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nailed
For our advantage on the bitter cross.”

But he had been delayed¹ by different causes, and now waited with some impatience to hear what had been arranged by his privy council² to forward³ the expedition.

To him there came the Earl of Westmoreland, saying, that while assembled to confer⁴ upon this matter, the lords had received news from Wales; and that Mortimer, in leading the men of Herefordshire to fight against Owen Glendower, was himself taken prisoner. Henry immediately asked if this would interfere with⁵ the business in the Holy Land.

“This, matched⁶ with other did,⁷ my gracious lord,”

replied Westmoreland, proceeding to tell that there were even worse tidings from the north; for Harry Hotspur was engaged in battle there, the issue of which was not yet known.

Aussprache der Eigennamen: Archibald (áhrtsĥibald)—Bardolph (bahrdulf)—Bulcalf (bulſſahf)—Cōleville—Dāvy—Döll Tēar-shēet—Fálstāff (fāwl)—Gādshill—Gower (ow=au)—Harcourt (háhrkurt)—Hāstings—Húmphrey—Mentéith—Michael (mík'l)—Owen Glendower (ó-ën glendó-er)—Pēto—Pistol (pist'l)—Rūmour—Shădōw—Shállōw—Thomas (tōmas)—Trāvers—Warrick (wórrick)—Wéstmōreland—Worcester (wōost'r). — (Henry IV. 1399—1413.)

¹verzögern, verhindern, ²geheimer Staatsrat, ³befördern, bewerkstelligen, ⁴unterhandeln, ⁵hinderlich sein, ⁶in Verbindung mit, ⁷hinderten wirklich.

King Henry had already received the account of Hotspur's success in making several of the Scottish earls prisoners; which Westmoreland declared was a conquest of which a prince might fairly boast.

In another room of the palace young Henry, the king's son, was talking with Sir John Falstaff, who was one of his favourite companions. Very wild and riotous¹ was the prince in those days, thereby causing great grief to his royal father; in thinking how different was the son of the Earl of Northumberland, he said that he could not but envy him as—

“The father to so blest a son,—
A son, who is the theme² of honour's tongue.”

While Prince Henry was amusing himself with Falstaff, they were joined by another of his gay friends, proposing a scheme such as would amuse them all. “My lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! There are pilgrims going to Canterbury³ with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have vizards⁴ for you all; you have horses for yourselves.”

Harry Madcap⁵ was ever ready for sport, yet this plan of highway robbery did not please him. Remembering that he was a king's son, he exclaimed, “Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.”

Sir John Falstaff tried in vain to change his mind, so he left Poins to see if he had more influence over the prince; for Poins had said, “Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down⁶ such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.”

In the end young Henry was persuaded; but, when left alone, he began thinking that some time he would give up his reckless⁷ way of life,—

“And like bright metal on a sullen⁸ ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show⁹ more goodly¹⁰ and attract more eyes.”

¹ ausschweifend, schwelgerisch (liederlich), ² Gesprächsgegenstand, ³ in der Kathedrale zu Canterbury war das in hoher Verehrung stehende Grabmal des unter Heinrich II. ermordeten Erzbischofs Thomas à Becket, ⁴ vizard Larve, Maske, ⁵ Tollkopf (es ist der Prince of Wales gemeint), ⁶ aufstellen, ⁷ unbeständig, ⁸ düster, dunkel, ⁹ sich zeigen, ¹⁰ schön, trefflich, herrlich.

Much as¹ the king had admired the brave Harry Percy, usually called Hotspur, he became angry when required by him to redeem² Mortimer, who had fallen into the hands of Owen Glendower. He cried,—

“No, on the barren³ mountains let him starve;⁴
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom⁵ home revolted Mortimer.”

Hotspur was indignant to hear this epithet applied to his friend,—the brother of his wife,—and he answered,—

“Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,⁶
But by the chance of war.”

It was, however, useless to oppose the king, who bade him henceforth never mention the name of Mortimer in his presence. This difference was the cause of both the Percies,⁷ father and son, becoming the king's enemies; and Hotspur joined his army to Glendower and the Scots against Henry.

The tidings of this desertion alarmed the king, and he sent a messenger to find his wild son, and command him, in his name, to appear at the court upon the following day.

Madcap Harry was discovered among a company of young as giddy⁸ as himself, who were hiding⁹ in a tavern¹⁰ in Eastcheap;¹¹ and for the rest of the evening they amused themselves in enacting¹² an imaginary¹³ scene between their prince and his father upon the coming day.

When young Henry was admitted to the king's presence, he received at first a severe rebuke¹⁴ for his many follies:—

“I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service¹⁵ I have done,

¹so sehr auch, ²loßkaufen, auflösen, ³unfruchtbar, öde, ⁴verhungern, ⁵loßkaufen, auflösen, ⁶oberster Lehnsherr, ⁷bei Eigennamen wird y gewöhnlich nicht in ies verwandelt, ⁸schwindelig, leichtfertig, ⁹sich versteckt halten, ¹⁰Wirtshaus, ¹¹eine Straße in London, nicht weit von London Bridge, dem Tower und dem linken Ufer der Themse, ¹²to enact vorstellen, spielen, ¹³Phantasie, ¹⁴Tadel, Verweis, ¹⁵service, insofern jedes menschliche Thun, Gott gegenüber, als ein Dienst aufgefaßt wird. (Delius.)

That, in his secret doom,¹ out of my blood
 He'll² breed revengement and a scourge³ for me;
 But thou dost in thy passages of life⁴
 Make me believe that thou art only marked
 For the hot vengeance and the rod of Heaven
 To punish my mistreadings.⁵ Tell me else,
 Could such inordinate and low desires,
 Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,⁶
 Such barren pleasures, rude society,
 As thou art matched withal⁷ and grafted to,⁸
 Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
 And hold their level⁹ with thy princely heart?"

Henry tried to excuse himself on the score of¹⁰ his youth; and at last said,—

"I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
 Be more myself."

The purpose of the king in desiring this interview had been to discover whether his thoughtless son was ready to fight for him against his enemies; but he said,—

"Thou that art kike enough,¹¹—through vassal fear,¹²
 Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—¹³
 To fight against me under Percy's pay,
 To dog¹⁴ his heels and curtsy¹⁵ at his frowns,¹⁶
 To show how much thou art degenerate."

This taunt¹⁷ roused the spirit¹⁸ of the young prince, and he cried,—

"Do not think so; you shall not find it so:
 And God forgive them that so much have swayed¹⁹

¹Urteil, Spruch, Bestimmung, ²= he will, ³spr. skurdj, Geißel, ⁴=in the passages of thy life, in den Vorgängen deines Lebens, ⁵Fehlritte, ⁶lewd and mean attempts = rohe und gemeine Bestrebungen oder Interessen (Delius), attempts = undertakings, ⁷mit der du dich gefellst, gleichstellst, ⁸auf die du eingepfropft (mit der du innig verbunden) bist, ⁹Höhe, Richtung, Niveau, ¹⁰auf Grund, wegen, mit, ¹¹du, von dem es wahrscheinlich genug ist, von dem man mit Wahrscheinlichkeit erwarten könnte, ¹²Furcht, wie sie einem Vasallen ansteht, aber keinem Prinzen, ¹³Anwandlung von Laune, ¹⁴auf dem Fuße folgen, nachgehen, ¹⁵sich neigen, sich verbeugen, ¹⁶Stirnrunzeln, ¹⁷Hohn, Spott, ¹⁸Mut, ¹⁹to sway lenken, schwenken.

Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
 I will redeem¹ all this on Percy's head,
 And, in the closing of some glorious day,
 Be bold to tell you that I am your son."

Ere Prince Harry went to battle, he summoned his friend Falstaff to accompany him to Shrewsbury, where the rebels had encamped.² When the news of the king's arrival had reached Hotspur and his companions, they professed themselves quite ready to fight; but Sir Walter Blunt appeared, bearing the message of royalty:—

"The king hath sent to know
 The nature of your griefs;³ and whereupon⁴
 You conjure from the breast of civil peace
 Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous⁵ land
 Audacious cruelty. If that⁶ the king
 Have any way⁷ your good deserts⁸ forgot,
 Which he confesseth to be manifold,
 He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed
 You shall have your desires with interest⁹
 And pardon absolute."

Well-sounding was the offer, but Hotspur mistrusted it, and, for himself, his father and uncle, declared they would not sue¹⁰ the king's favour.

A battle took place upon a plain near Shrewsbury,¹¹ in which Hotspur fell by the hand of the young Prince Harry, and victory was in the hands of the king's party.

This success emboldened¹² Henry IV. to despatch¹³ a portion of his troops still further north, where an army was being raised¹⁴ against him, while he and his son commanded another party to fight with Glendower in Wales, and thus put an end to the rebellion.

After a time there was a cessation of hostilities, and the king returned to London, where Prince Henry again gave himself up to every kind of folly, led on by the example of the companions he had chosen.

¹ loſſkaufen, auſlöſen, ²to encamp ſich lagern, ein Lager aufſchlagen, ³Befchwerden, Klagepunkte, ⁴auß welchem, ⁵gehörſam, ⁶if that = if. Bei Sh. werden Konjunktionen oft durch ein nachgeſetztes that verſtärkt, ⁷irgendwie, ⁸Verdienſte, ⁹mit Zinſen, ¹⁰bitten, anſuchen, ¹¹ſpr. ſhrözebury, ¹²to embölden anfeuern, anreizen, ¹³abſenden, ¹⁴to raise aufbringen, aufſtellen.

But the health of Henry IV. began to fail,¹ and he was often attacked by fits.² At one such time he had been carried to his bed, and the crown laid³ on his pillow at his own request; and while he slept, Madcap Harry came and sat beside him. The sight of the crown set him thinking of the many cares and sorrows attendant upon royalty. "O polished perturbation!⁴ golden care!" he exclaimed; and believing his father's heavy sleep was the sleep of death, he placed the crown upon his own head, declaring he would guard it well, remembering from whom he had received it; and thus saying he left the apartment.

In this the prince was mistaken, for the king awoke, and calling loudly for his attendants, asked who had taken the crown from his pillow. When young Henry was summoned, he said,—

"I never thought to hear you speak again."

But the monarch was deeply hurt by his thoughtless⁵ act, and answered,—

"Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee,⁶ I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair,
That thou wilt needs⁷ invest thee with my honours
Before thy hour be ripe?"

With tears the young prince declared that he had felt no rejoicing at the prospect of being a king; he described what his thoughts had been on regarding that sign of royalty, and added,—

"But if it did infect⁸ my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain⁹ of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection¹⁰ of a welcome
Give entertainment¹¹ to the might of it,¹²
Let God for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!"

This reply seemed to awaken all the affection of the king's heart towards his son, and he acknowledged that he had been

¹ sinken, schwach werden, abnehmen, ² Krankheitsanfälle, ³ zu ergänzen: had been, ⁴ glänzende Unruhe, ⁵ unüberlegt, ⁶ by thee = nach deiner Meinung oder Ansicht, daß franz. selon toi (Delius), ⁷ notwendigerweise, ⁸ anstecken, vergiften, ⁹ Neigung, ¹⁰ Gemütsregung, Neigung, ¹¹ Unterhalt, Nahrung, ¹² d. h. gab ich mich mit dem geringsten Anschein eines Willkommens dem Gedanken an die Macht derselben (der Krone) hin.

harsh¹ in his judgment. He also said that he had won the crown by crooked² ways, and thus had well deserved the many sorrows and anxieties³ of his reign; and exclaiming,—

“How I came by⁴ the crown, O God forgive;
And grant⁵ it may with thee in true peace live!”—

soon after expired.

The wild young prince now became as sober⁶ and wise as his father could have desired; and one of his first acts was to make Sir William Gascoigne⁷ his chief adviser. As in Harry's riotous⁸ days this wise judge had once committed him to prison, to show that offences against law were punished in the royal family as justly as among people of lower degree, many thought that the new-made king would cherish⁹ resentment¹⁰ towards Gascoigne in consequence. But such was not the disposition of the sovereign, and thus he addressed the Lord Chief Justice:—

“So shall I live to speak my father's words:
‘Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son;
And not less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice,’—You did commit¹¹ me:
For which, I do commit¹² into your hand
The unstained sword that you have used to bear;
With this remembrance,¹³ that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt¹⁴ mine ear,
And I will stoop¹⁵ and humble¹⁶ my intents¹⁷
To your well-practised¹⁸ wise directions.”¹⁹

¹rauh, streng, ²(zweifelbig), frumm, ³ſpr. ängzi-ity, Angst, Beängſtigung, ⁴to [come by erlangen, ⁵gebe, gewähre, ⁶nüchtern, ernſt, geſetzt, ⁷ſpr. gäſcoin, ⁸außſchweifend, liederlich, ⁹hegen, ¹⁰Groll, Rachegefühl, ¹¹verhaften, einſperren, ¹²übergeben, unstained unbefleckt, ¹³= admonition Ermahnung, ¹⁴vorfagen, einhauchen, einblaſen, ſoufflieren, ¹⁵ſich beugen, ſich unterwerfen, ¹⁶demütigen, ¹⁷Abſichten, Pläne, ¹⁸wohlbewährt, ¹⁹Anweiſungen.

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XV.

KING HENRY V.

When Henry V.¹ had ruled some time in England, he bethought him of the claim of Edward III. to the French crown; and resolving to revive it, sent this message by the Duke of Exeter to the King of France:—

“Thus he greets your majesty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself,² and lay apart³
The borrowed glories⁴ that by gift of Heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'long⁵
To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown
And all wide-stretchèd honours that pertain
By custom and the ordinance⁶ of times
Unto the crown of France.”

The French dauphin desired nothing more than a war with England, and but a little time before, in response to Henry's claim of several dukedoms, had sent him a load⁷ of tennis-balls,⁸ in reference to⁹ the love of amusement which had distinguished his

Ausſprache der Eigennamen: Alice (állis)—Bātes—Bedford (béd-furd)—Búrgundy—Cāmbriage—Cānterbury—Cōurt—Ēly—Erpingham (úr-pingam)—Éxeter—Flúellen—Grandpré (franzöſiſch außzuſprechen)—Gower (ow = au) Grey (greh)—Isābol (i)—Jāmy—Macmórris—Montjoý (oder fran-zöſiſch)—Rambures (franzöſiſch).

¹1413—1422, ²niederlegen, aufgeben, ³bei Seite legen, ⁴Würden, ⁵=belong, ⁶Verordnung, Beſtimmung, ⁷Ladung, ⁸tennis-ball Federball (tennis, a game in which a ball is driven against a wall by rackets, and continually kept in motion). [Fr. *tenez*, hold, from *tenir*, to hold.] ⁹mit Beziehung auf.

early days. He now declared that if his father sent a fair¹ reply to the demand of the English king, it would be quite against his will.

With a formidable army Henry left Southampton; and entering the mouth of the river Seine, attacked the strong fortress of Harfleur, urging on² his men with the cry,—“God for Harry, England and Saint George!”

For five weeks the town held out against the besiegers. But at last there came a day when they were forced to surrender; and the governor said,—

“Therefore, great king,
We yield³ our town and lives to thy soft mercy.⁴
Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours;
For we no longer are defensible.”

After this victory the French king sent this message to Henry, by Mountjoy, a herald of his court:—“Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: advantage is a better soldier than rashness.⁵ Tell him we could have rebuked⁶ him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good⁷ to bruise⁸ an injury till it were full ripe: now we speak upon our cue,⁹ and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance.”

Henry's army had suffered great losses; but he was not intimidated¹⁰ by these threats, and sent a message setting forth¹¹ that though in such condition he would not seek a battle, he would, nevertheless, not shun¹² one. He therefore led on his men, crossing the river Somme, and so approached Agincourt,¹³ where some hundred thousand French awaited him.

Henry was well aware that the chances were fearfully against him and to the Duke of Gloucester he said,—

¹ erwünscht, freundlich, ² antreiben, ³ übergeben, ⁴ Gnade, ⁵ das Abwarten günstiger Gelegenheiten thut im Kriege bessere Dienste, als ein vorschnelles Handeln (Delius), ⁶ ausschelten, tadeln, einen Verweis geben, ⁷ hätten wir es nicht für unzweckmäßig gehalten, ⁸ to bruise (spr. brooze) ausquetschen. Das Unrecht, Vergehen, die empfangene Beleidigung wird mit einem Geschwür verglichen. ⁹ Jetzt ist es für uns an der Zeit zu reden und unsere jetzt erhobene Stimme hat ihr volles Gewicht. (Delius.) — Cue Stimmung, Laune. ¹⁰ to intimidate einschüchtern, ¹¹ an den Tag legen, zeigen, ¹² meiden, fliehen, aus dem Wege gehen, ¹³ die franz. Form dieses Namens ist Azincour oder Azincourt. Es liegt südlich von Calais und westlich von Lille.

“’Tis true that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be.”

Begging his lords to leave him, he remained alone a while, and thus prayed:—

“O God of battles! steel my soldiers’ hearts;
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposèd numbers
Pluck their hearts from them.¹ Not to-day, O Lord,
Oh, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing² the crown!
I Richard’s body have interrèd new;³
And on it have bestowed more contrite⁴ tears
Than from it issued⁵ forcèd⁶ drops of blood.”

He was aroused by Gloucester telling him that day-dawn called them to the affray;⁷ and, riding out to encourage his small army, was accosted⁸ by the French herald with a message from the Constable⁹ of France, asking him if he would compound for¹⁰ peace rather than rush to a certain overthrow.¹¹

Henry desired to make no friendly overtures:¹² and leading on his men, he fought all day in the thickest of the battle, but escaped unhurt and victorious; while the constable and eleven thousand of the French army fell. When the herald Mountjoy sought the English king again, it was to crave¹³ permission to search¹⁴ the battle-field and convey thence the bodies of the slain.

When assured of victory, Henry said,—

“What is this castle called that stands hard by?”

Being told it was the castle of Agincourt he declared,—

¹ Wenn die Übermacht des ihnen entgegenstehenden Feindes ihnen den Mut rauben sollte, so nimm meinen Soldaten die Fähigkeit zu rechnen, diese Übermacht zu berechnen. (Delius.) ² to compass (spr. kúmpus) erlangen (hier mit dem Nebebegriff des Widerrechtlichen), ³ den Leib Richards II., der vorher schmucklos in Langley in Hertfordshire begraben war, ließ Heinrich V. in der Westminsterabtei in einem prachtvollen Grabe feierlich beisetzen. (Delius.) ⁴ zerfnirscht, ⁵ to issue (spr. íschschuh) herauskommen, ⁶ herausgezwungen, herausgepreßt, ⁷ Streit, ⁸ angerebet, ⁹ Connétable Kronfeldherr, ¹⁰ sich vergleichen wegen, über, ¹¹ Niederlage, ¹² Eröffnungen, Anerbietungen, ¹³ bitten, erflehen, ¹⁴ durchsuchen.



“Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.”¹

When the list of slain and wounded was brought to him, and he saw how comparatively small had been his own loss, Henry cried,—

“O God, thy arm was here;
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all!—When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,²
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on th’ other?³—Take it, God,
For it is none but thine!”

Returning to England, a glad welcome awaited the triumphant king. The beach was lined with men, women, and children, waving⁴ banners and shouting with joy; and—

“His lords desire him to have borne
His bruised⁵ helmet and his bended⁶ sword
Before him through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride:
Giving full trophy,⁷ signal,⁸ and ostent,⁹
Quite from himself to God.”¹⁰

Two years later saw Henry again in France, gaining so many and so great victories that he was able to make his own terms¹¹

¹der Tag der Schlacht (25. Oktober 1415) wird nach den beiden Märtyrern und Brüdern, Crispinus und Crispianus, vollständig so genannt, während Shakespeare anderwärts bald den einen Namen, bald den andern gebraucht (Delius). ²stratagem = ein mit Berechnung und Überlegung ausgeführter Schlag im Kriege, steht im Gegensatz zu plain shock and even play of battle = einfacher Zusammenstoß der feindlichen Heere und regelmäßiges Kampfspiel, regelmäßiger Verlauf der Schlacht (Delius). ³so great loss gehört zu one part, d. h. die französische Seite, so little loss zu the other, d. i. die englische Seite (Delius). ⁴to wave wehen lassen, schwingen, ⁵zerhauen, mit Beulen bedeckt (to bruise, spr. brooze). — Die Waffen des Königs trugen die Spuren des Kampfes in der Schlacht bei Azincourt an sich. Diese Waffen sollte, nach dem Wunsche der englischen Großen, der König bei seinem Einzug in London vor sich her tragen lassen (Delius). ⁶verbogen, ⁷Siegeszeichen, ⁸Zeichen, ⁹Prunk, ¹⁰er stellt die volle Siegesehre in ihren Abzeichen und Darlegungen, indem er sie von sich ablehnt, allein Gott anheim (Delius). ¹¹Bedingungen.

of peace. One of these conditions was that the hand of Katharine, the French princess, should be given him in marriage; and we must imagine an illustrious party assembled in the palace of Troyes¹ in Champagne,¹ where this union was being arranged, and peace thereby concluded and strengthened. Queen Isabel, in bidding Henry welcome, said that though his eyes had been turned with angry looks upon the French hitherto,² it was her hope that all quarrels should be that day changed to love. The Duke of Burgundy was present, and spoke of the ravages made by war, and how in that fair country the vine³ had been left unpruned,⁴ the hedges untrimmed,⁵ and the grass grown high; while "hateful⁶ docks,⁷ rough thistles, kecksies,⁸ burs,"⁹ had been the only things which throve. All this had been the result of the recent hostilities; but now a time of peace was at hand,¹⁰ and France would once more flourish.

"Well then the peace,
Which you before so urged,¹¹ lies in his answer"—

said Henry, looking towards the King of France; who accordingly retired with his queen and councillors to consider the conditions, while Princess Katharine was left to talk with her royal lover, having her gentlewomen¹² in attendance.¹³

It was not very easy to converse, for she spoke but little English, while the French tongue came awkwardly from Henry's lips; but he told the princess that if she but loved him truly with her "French heart," he was willing to hear it expressed in broken words. Then Katharine asked him if he thought it possible she should love the enemy of France. "No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with¹⁴ a village of it: I will have it all mine; and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine."

Presently the king and queen, with the French and English lords, re-entered the apartment, and it was declared that the proposed terms of peace were fully accepted; for, said the Earl of Westmoreland (addressing his own sovereign),—

¹ beide Namen französisch auszusprechen, ² bis dahin, ³ Weinstock, ⁴ unverschnitten, ⁵ ungepugt, unverschnitten, ⁶ verhaßt, ⁷ Ampferkraut, ⁸ kecksy Schierling, ⁹ auch burdock Klette, ¹⁰ nahe, ¹¹ dringend geltend machen, betonen, betreiben, ¹² Kammerfrauen, ¹³ in ihrem Gefolge, bei sich, ¹⁴ sich trennen von, aufgeben.

"The king hath granted every article:—
His daughter first, and then in sequel¹ all,
According to their firm proposèd natures."

In giving his daughter to Henry, the King of France expressed his hope—

"That the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale²
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction³
Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France."

¹der Reihe nach, ²Anspielung auf die Kreidefelsen der englischen und französischen Küsten (Delius). ³Verbindung.

XVI.

KING HENRY VI.

When the English troops had entered France to lay siege to the town of Orleans, Charles the dauphin was hopeless and dispirited;¹ but at length good tidings came by one of his followers:—

“Be not dismayed,² for succour³ is at hand:⁴
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordained⁵ is to raise⁶ this tedious⁷ siege,
And drive the English forth⁸ the bounds of France.”

When Joan of Arc was brought forward,⁹ Reignier attempted to personate¹⁰ the dauphin; but she refused to talk with him declaring that it was to Charles only she must disclose¹¹ her Heaven-sent mission.

“Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd’s daughter,
My wit¹² untrained¹³ in any kind of art.

Ausſprache der Eigennamen: Alençon (älénson oder franjöſiſch) — Auvergne (franjöſiſch) — Bâſſet — Báſtard of Orleans (awr-lē-ance) — Beaufort (bō-furt) — Búckingham (h ſtumm) — Clifford (klíffurd) — Ėlēānor (nawr) — Fäſtólfe (o=u) — Gargrave (gáhrgrāve) — Glánsdāle — Horner (o=aw) — Húmphreý — Hume (juhm) — Iden (id’n) — Jōan la Pucelle (djōne, la Pucelle franjöſiſch) — Lúcy — Märgärēt — Märgērý (g=j), Jourdain (franjöſiſch) — Reignier (franjöſiſch) — Ríchard Plāntāgēnēt (g=dj) — Sōmerset — Stáfford (o=u) — Suffolk (súffōke) — Talbot (tawlbút) — Vaux (vōks) — Wálder Whítmōre (a=aw) — Wóodville. — Henry VI., 1422—1461.

¹entmutigt, ²to dismay in Schrecken, in Angſt ſetzen, ³Unterſtützung, ⁴nahe, nicht fern, ⁵beſtimmt, ⁶aufheben, ⁷tedious, ſpr. tēdyus oder téjīūs, ermüdend, läſtig, langwierig, ⁸fort aus, ⁹vormwärts, herbei, ¹⁰to personate, ſpr. pūrsunāte, vorſtellen, ſpielen, ¹¹enthüllen, offenbaren, ¹²Geiſt, ¹³nicht unterrichtet, ungeſchult.

Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleased
 To shine on my contemptible estate:
 Lo,¹ whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
 And to sun's parching² heat displayed³ my cheeks,
 God's mother deigned to appear to me
 And, in a vision full of majesty,
 Willed me to leave my base vocation,⁴
 And free my country from calamity."

Presently, when she found she had awakened the dauphin's interest and inspired him with renewed hope, Joan displayed⁵ the sword with which she meant to fight. The English had made so sure of⁶ victory, that they could scarcely believe the tidings that Charles was coming with a powerful army to raise the siege of the town, in the company of a shepherdess maiden, who, by promises of success, had raised his drooping⁷ courage, and who now rode among his soldiers armed for an encounter.⁸

The sentinels had deserted one of the gates, and thither Joan led the French troops, driving the English before her, and thus winning the promised victory, which named her in all succeeding time "The Maid of Orleans."

Great were the rejoicings of the dauphin and his friends; and Reignier cried,—

"Why ring⁹ not out the bells aloud throughout the town;
 Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,¹⁰
 And feast and banquet in the open streets,
 To celebrate the joy that God hath given us."

But later this joy gave place to lamentation; for in the night the English, finding the French guard asleep, scaled¹¹ the walls, and re-entered the town from whence they had been so ignominiously driven; at which the dauphin began to reproach Joan, as if she were to blame.

The maid declared that it was the fault of some careless soldier, and that instead of wasting time by inquiring which place

¹ siehe! ² röstend, sengend, ³ to display preisgeben, ⁴ Beruf, ⁵ to display kann hier nur heißen: ziehen, entblößen, statt des gewöhnlichen: to unsheathe, to draw. In to display liegt der Nebengriff des Stolzes auf die in der Kirche der heil. Katharina zu Fierbois aufgefundenen Waffe. ⁶ sicher werden, ⁷ sinkend, ⁸ Zusammentreffen, Gefecht, Kampf, ⁹ läuten, ¹⁰ Freudenfeuer, ¹¹ to scale ersteigen.

had been so weakly guarded, it would rather be wiser to set on foot¹ fresh plans to repair the mischief.²

Away in London a different scene was being enacted,³ in the Temple Garden, where the Earls of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick were conversing with Richard Plantagenet and others. Both Richard, Duke of York, and Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, were struggling for the protectorship,⁴ as Henry VI. showed every day some fresh proof of his unfitness⁵ to reign; and each called on⁶ those present⁷ to declare which side they favoured.⁸ Then Richard said,—

“Let him that is a true-born⁹ gentleman,¹⁰
And stands upon the honour of his birth,¹¹
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,¹²
From off this brier¹³ pluck a white rose with me.”

Somerset immediately exclaimed,—

“Let him that is no coward¹⁴ nor no flatterer
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.”

The Earl of Warwick had taken a white rose from the bush, and he prophesied that the disagreement¹⁵ in the Temple Garden—

“Shall send between the red rose and the white
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.”

Meanwhile in France the brave Maid of Orleans was not idle; and herself disguised, and with some soldiers dressed like countrymen, with sacks upon their shoulders, she entered Rouen; and guided by the flaming torch which she showed from one of the battlements,¹⁶ the French troops easily took the city from their enemies.

The Earl Talbot, who commanded the English forces, declared he would regain Rouen:—

¹ins Werk setzen, ²Unglück, Mißgeschick, ³to enact spielen, verrichten, ⁴Heinrich VI., 1421 geboren, war damals etwa sieben Jahr alt, ⁵Ungeeignetheit, ⁶auffordern, ⁷die Anwesenden, ⁸to favour begünstigen, ⁹echt, wahr, ¹⁰hier: Edelmann, ¹¹his birth bezieht sich auf das vorhergehende true-born gentleman: wer diese seine adlige Abkunft behauptet oder vertritt (Delius). ¹²to plead truth die gerechte Sache verteidigen, ¹³bri-ur Dornstrauch, ¹⁴Feigling, ¹⁵Mißheiligheit, Zwist, ¹⁶Binnen.

"And I, as sure as English Henry lives,
 And as his father here was conqueror;
 As sure as in this late-betrayèd¹ town
 Great Cœur de Lion's heart was buried,—
 So sure I swear to get the town or die."

It was but a day, this vow was fulfilled; the French were routed,² and the dauphin was conferring³ with Joan as to what new stratagem they could have recourse to for recovering⁴ the city. It was decided then that the maid should seek a parley⁵ with the Duke of Burgundy, and strive to wake in his breast so great a pity for his country, that he would desert the English earl and fight under the standard of the dauphin. So skilfully did Joan plead,⁶ that the duke said,—

"I am⁷ vanquishèd; these haughty words of hers
 Have battered⁸ me like roaring cannon-shot,
 And made me almost yield upon my knees.
 Forgive me, country, and sweet contrymen!
 And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
 My forces and my power of men are yours:—
 So farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee."

Henry VI. having been crowned at London, went through⁹ the ceremony a second time in Paris; and it was during his stay there that he heard some of his courtiers wrangling¹⁰ as to the colour of the rose they wore for a badge¹¹ of party. He charged¹² them then to remember that they were in France, and that it would be unwise indeed should they be heard disputing about a matter of such small importance.

Putting on a red rose, he said,—

"I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
 That any one should therefore be suspicious¹³
 I more incline to Somerset than York:
 Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both."

¹fürzlich verraten, ²to rout gänzlich schlagen, in völlige Unordnung und Verwirrung bringen, ³to confer unterhandeln, ⁴to recover wieder gewinnen, ⁵Unterredung, ⁶sprechen (für ihre Sache), ⁷zusammenziehen: I'm, ⁸to batter treffen, beschießen, ⁹to go through durchmachen, ¹⁰to wrangle (spr. rangg'l) zanken, hadern, streiten, ¹¹Zeichen, ¹²to charge zur Pflicht machen, einschärfen, ¹³to be suspicious den Verdacht hegen.

He next made York his regent in France; and under his skilful conduct of the English troops the famous Maid of Orleans was taken prisoner, while the soldiers fighting under her were wholly routed. It was at this time that Margaret of Anjou was betrothed¹ to Henry of England, upon the condition that Maine and Anjou should be given up to her father, the duke of those provinces. Great was the vexation² of York and other nobles at this concession,³ and they rightly conjectured that it would result in⁴ the entire loss of the realm of France.

In the presence of a large assemblage of princes and nobles in the ancient city of Tours, the Duke of Suffolk received the fair Margaret as the bride of his royal master, and forthwith⁵ brought her in state⁶ to London, where Henry awaited her.

Although their sovereign was quite willing to lose the two French provinces in exchange for so fair a queen as Margaret, the English people were discontented; and York deemed⁷ his chance of⁸ the crown strengthened by their apparent disaffection to⁹ Henry.

The new queen was of a proud and haughty disposition,¹⁰ and it vexed¹¹ her to see the respect in which the Duchess of Gloucester was held as wife to the Protector.

“Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke’s revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty:
Shall I not live¹² to be avenged on her?”

Thus did she complain; nor was it long before she succeeded in getting the duchess disgraced,¹³ and the Protector forced to resign his office, for Henry declared himself able to rule his own kingdom.

The Duke of Suffolk next accused Gloucester of treason, whereby the king had lost all his possessions in France; and though he denied all treacherous and unworthy conduct, declaring that in every action he had but sought the welfare of England, his enemies were too strong for him; and having secretly murdered him, they persuaded Henry that he had been found dead in his bed. So

¹verlobt, ²Ärger, Verdruß, ³Zugeständniß, Gewährung, ⁴hinauslaufen auf, endigen mit, ⁵so gleich, ohne Verzug, ⁶ein Prunfaufzug, ⁷to deem halten, glauben, ⁸Aussicht auf, ⁹Abneigung gegen, ¹⁰Gemütsart, ¹¹to vex ärgern, ¹²werde ich es nicht erleben, daß ich an ihr gerächt werde? ¹³to get anybody disgraced Jemanden in Ungnade bringen, stürzen.

deeply did the king grieve¹ for this loss, that Margaret reproached him for loving the duke more than he cared for her. Nor could he disabuse² his mind of the fear that he had been murdered, and he cried,—

“O Thou that judgest all things, stay³ my thoughts,—
My thoughts, that labour⁴ to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
If my suspect⁵ be false, forgive me, God,
For judgment only doth belong to Thee.”

At the same time, the wrath⁶ of the commons of England rose high against Suffolk, as being the one who had made the treaty with the Duke of Anjou which led to all succeeding losses, and they demanded that he should be banished, else would they show violence to him.

Henry being forced to yield to this expression of feeling, passed sentence accordingly; and Suffolk left England for Calais. But ere he reached the French coast a war-ship overtook him, and he was taken prisoner and put to death by the angry rebels; who forthwith marched to London, which they held for two days, though they were afterwards subdued.

All these troubles so injured⁷ the king's naturally weak brain, that for a time York was made Protector; but upon Henry's recovery⁸ he lost this office, and his enemy, the Duke of Somerset, regained his former power. It was then that the famous Wars of the Red and White Roses began; and in the first battle, fought at St. Albans, the Lancastrians were worsted.⁹

The king and queen had managed¹⁰ their escape¹¹ to London; and when York arrived there and demanded the crown, Henry said,—

“Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire¹² and my father sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay,¹³ and their colours,—often borne in France,
And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,—
Shall be my winding-sheet.”¹⁴

¹sich grämen um, ²to disabuse auß dem Irrtum ziehen, befreien von etwas Irrtümlichem, ³zurückhalten, beruhigen, ⁴sich mühen, sich quälen, ⁵Berdacht, ⁶Groll, Zorn, ⁷to injure beschädigen, verletzen, zerrütten, ⁸Wiedergenesung, ⁹befiegt, ¹⁰bewirken, bewerkstelligen, ¹¹Entkommen, Flucht, ¹²Großvater, Ahnherr, ¹³spr. i, ja, ¹⁴Grabtuch, Sterbehemd.

But Warwick—the powerful earl called so often “the kingmaker”—bade him do right to York, else would he summon¹ armed men to seize him. So Henry proposed that he should be permitted to reign during the remainder of his life, and then Richard should enjoy the kingdom he desired.

Queen Margaret was very angry at this compromise,² which deprived her son of all chance of inheriting the crown.

“Pardon me, Margaret;— pardon me, sweet son:—
The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforced me”—

pleaded the timid king.

But Margaret answered him,—

“Enforced thee! art thou king, and wilt be forced?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous³ wretch!⁴
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me.”

So resolved was this proud woman not to submit to the detested York, that she declared she would call out the supporters of Plantagenet and bid them right⁵ her son; and she fulfilled her threat, and the Red Rose triumphed in the battle of Wakefield Green, wherein the Duke of York was killed.

Poor King Henry, finding himself scorned by his wife, thus lamented:—

“Would I were dead! if God’s good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were⁶ a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,⁷
Thereby to see the minutes how they run.”

While thus musing,⁸ he was roused by some one dragging⁹ in the dead body of one he had murdered—it was a son who had unknowingly killed his father; and at the terrible sight the king cried,—

¹auffordern, aufbieten, ²Vergleich, Vertrag, Abmachung, ³furchtsam, ängstlich, ⁴Wicht, ⁵schützen (in seinem Rechte), ⁶=would be, ⁷die Anfertigung hölzerner Zifferblätter für die Uhren mit dem darauf angegebenen Stundenweiser (point) wird hier als eine Nebenbeschäftigung der Schäfer aufgefaßt — quaintly=fundig, geschieht (Delius). ⁸to muse finnen, nachdenken, ⁹to drag in hereinschleppen.

"Oh, that my death would stay¹ these ruthless² deeds!"

But the triumph of the house of Lancaster was short-lived,³ and only the north of England remained faithful to Henry. Margaret's next step was to bear her son to France, and there seek aid from King Lewis.

"Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is of a king become a banished man,
And forced to live in Scotland a forlorn;⁴
While proud, ambitious Edward, Duke of York,
Usurps the regal title and the seat
Of England's true-anointed⁵ lawful king.
This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,
With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,
Am come to crave⁶ thy just and lawful aid."

When the young Duke of York gave his hand in marriage to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Richard Woodville, he lost the adherence⁷ of the Earl of Warwick, who now joined Queen Margaret in the attempt⁸ to dethrone him.

Battle succeeded battle, yet in the end the House of York triumphed, King Henry was conveyed to the Tower, where he afterwards died, as is believed, a violent death, while of the proud, brave Margaret, Edward, now England's monarch, said,—

"Away with her, and waft⁹ her hence to France."

¹ aufhalten, ² traurig, ³ kurzlebig, nicht von langer Dauer, daß i in lived = i, ⁴ als ein Verlorener, Verlassener, ⁵ rechtmäßig gesalbt, ⁶ erflehen, ⁷ Beistand, ⁸ Versuch, Unternehmen, ⁹ bringen.

XVII.

KING RICHARD III.

Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King of England, had his mind filled with plots, whereby he might set his brothers Edward the Fourth and the Duke of Clarence at variance.¹ An old prophecy had been spoken, setting forth² that King Edward would be murdered by one of his heirs, whose name began with the letter G; and Richard had whispered that this might perchance³ be his brother George of Clarence. When, therefore, he beheld the duke on his way to the Tower under a strong guard, he was not sorry, though it suited his purpose to feign both regret and surprise.

“What means this armèd guide
That waits upon your grace?”

he asked.

“And for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such like toys⁴ as these,
Have moved his highness to commit⁵ me now”—

answered Clarence.

While the crafty⁶ Gloucester was thinking over this matter, Lord Hastings came to him, bringing news of the king's⁷ illness, which

Ausſprache der Eigenamen: Blount (blaunt) — Bouchier (buhſchi-er)—Brakenbury—Catesby—Dorset (dawr)—Elizäbëth—Hérbert—Jāmes—Lovel (lúvvel)—Morton (mawr)—Rätcliff—Richmond (rītschmund)—Róthë-rām—Týrrël—Urswick (úrsick)—Vaughan (vawn)—York (yawrk). Richard III., 1483—1485.

¹to set at vāriance entzweien, ²verfündigen, erklären, ³vielleicht, ⁴Spieler-eien, Launen, Einfälle, ⁵verhaften, einsperren, ⁶listig, ⁷Edward IV.

Richard said was indeed grievous to think on; but when left to himself he murmured,—

“He cannot live, I hope; and must not die
Till George¹ be packed² with post-horse up to heaven.
I'll³ in, to urge⁴ his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steeled⁵ with weighty⁶ arguments;⁷
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,⁸
Clarence hath not another day to live.”

Edward's queen was greatly distressed by his illness; and when some of his lords strove to cheer her with hopes of his speedy amendment,⁹ she spoke of her fears should he die, knowing that her son was but a minor,¹⁰ and would for years be subject to Richard of Gloucester, of whom she said,—

“A man that loves not me, nor none of you.”

The hatred of Gloucester was indeed strong against Elizabeth and her family, whom Edward had raised to so high a position, and he had long determined he would be revenged. His first thought, however, was to take the life of Clarence, who stood between him and his chance of¹¹ succession to the throne; so for this purpose he despatched¹² two men to the Tower, bearing a written order to Sir Robert Brakenbury, the governor,¹³ to give the duke into their charge.¹⁴ The ill-fated¹⁵ Clarence was sleeping then; but as he awoke his eyes met those of his murderers, who bade him prepare to die. It was hard to persuade the duke that the king had commanded his death, deeming him a dangerous rival, but almost harder to credit that Gloucester hated him. He said that if it was for gain these men were about to do so vile an act, Gloucester would pay them as well for sparing his life; and he begged them to go to him and—

“Tell him, when that our princely father York
Blessed his three sons with his victorious arm,
[And charged¹⁶ us from his soul¹⁷ to love each other,]
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloucester think of this, and he will weep.”

¹ George, Duke of Clarence, brother to the King, ²to pack eilig fort-schicken oder wegsenden, ³=I will (nämlich go), ⁴drängen, antreiben, anreizen, ⁵to steel stählen, ⁶gewichtig, ⁷Gründe, ⁸Absicht, ⁹Besserung, ¹⁰minderjährig, unmündig, ¹¹Aussicht auf, ¹²to despatch abschicken, ¹³Befehlshaber, ¹⁴Aufsicht, ¹⁵unglücklich, ¹⁶to charge verpflichten, ¹⁷aus tiefster Seele, aus Herzensgrund.

For answer, the murderers laughed at the idea of Gloucester's tenderness, and bade their victim make his peace with God, for he must die. Then Clarence said, —

“Have you that holy feeling in your souls,
To counsel¹ me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own souls so blind,
That you will war with God by murdering me?”

Yet nothing he could say was powerful enough to awaken the pity of these men; and having stabbed him, one of them threw him into a butt² of malmsey³ wine, thus to end his life and suffering by drowning.⁴

Meanwhile Edward IV., feeling sure that his end was drawing near, wished to reconcile his brother Gloucester to Lord Rivers, and other of the queen's family, and therefore required⁵ them in his presence to declare they were at peace. Gloucester most unblushingly⁶ professed himself friendly with all men, and said, —

“’Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it and desire all good men's love.”

And then he told of the death of Clarence, pretending that some present⁷ were not guiltless in the matter. The tidings, perhaps, tended⁸ to hasten the king's death, so that his young son became monarch of England; and Gloucester at once assumed the place of Protector, feigning the deepest and most loyal affection for Edward V. Under pretence of having him crowned, the boy was brought by his crafty uncle to London; but while the queen, his mother, was rejoicing at the thought of his arrival, news came to her that Lord Rivers and Lord Grey had been seized and conveyed as prisoners to Pomfret Castle by Richard's order, and she immediately suspected some evil to her young sons.

In alarm Elizabeth fled to the Sanctuary⁹ — the refuge for the persecuted built during the reign of Edward the Confessor — a gloomy-looking¹⁰ structure¹¹ at Westminster, yet strong enough to withstand attack if such had ever been made. Here all were safe; never had the rights of sanctuary been infringed:¹² yet Richard longed¹³ to

¹raten, ²Faß, ³spr. máhmzi, Malvasier, ⁴to drown ertränken, ⁵to require fordern, verlangen, ⁶nicht errötend, schamlos, ⁷einige der Anwesenden, ⁸to tend wohin gerichtet sein, abzielen auf, ⁹das Heiligtum, Asyl, ¹⁰düster aussehend, ¹¹Bauwerk, ¹²verletzt, ¹³to long sich sehnen.

get thence the little Duke of York; for while he remained there in his mother's keeping,¹ his own vile² plans were retarded.

Buckingham sought to persuade Richard that it would not be breaking sanctuary to remove the child.

"You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit³ thereof is always granted⁴
To those whose dealings⁵ have deserved the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:⁶
This prince hath neither claimed it, nor deserved it;⁷
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it;
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,⁸
You break no privilege⁹ nor charter¹⁰ there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;
But sanctuary children ne'er till now."

So Gloucester went to Westminster, and telling the little duke that his brother, the young Edward, was wearying¹¹ for him, persuaded him to go and bear him company in the Tower, where he was lodged.

Elizabeth most reluctantly¹² saw her second son taken from her under this cunning¹³ pretext. Afterwards her longing to see the little king and his brother emboldened¹⁴ her to go with her young daughters to the Tower and seek an interview.

When Brakenbury the governor had received the royal lady with fitting courtesy, he said,—

"By your patience,¹⁵
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king hath straitly¹⁶ charged¹⁷ the contrary."

¹ Gewahrſam, Schutz, ²niedrig, ſchimpflich, ³Vorteil, ⁴to grant, ⁵Handlungen, ⁶die Wohlthat des heiligen Asyls wird immer denjenigen gewährt, welche irgend ein Verbrechen begangen haben, daß ihr Flüchten an einen ſolchen Sicherheitsplatz notwendig macht, und welche ſo klug ſind, es zu thun. (Westley.) ⁷to deserve nötig haben, ⁸denjenigen, der eigentlich nicht dort, nämlich an einer Freistatt, iſt, da er ja kein Verbrechen begangen hat. Nur der Verbrecher hat Anſpruch auf die Wohlthaten des Asyls, nicht der Unſchuldige. Ebenſo, wie gleich darauf geſagt wird, nur Männer nicht Kinder, ⁹Vorrecht, ¹⁰Freibrief, ¹¹to weary ermüden, beläſtigen, langweilen; müde, überdrüſſig ſein. Hier kann to weary for wohl nur heißen: ſich ſehnen nach — eine Bedeutung, die ſich in den Wörterbüchern nicht findet. ¹²widerwillig, widerſtrebend, ¹³ſchlau, liſtig, ¹⁴to embolden kühn machen, antreiben, ¹⁵mit Ihrer Erlaubniß, ¹⁶=strictly, ſtreng, ¹⁷to charge befehlen.

Elizabeth asked whom he might mean by "the king;" whereupon he corrected himself, and said it was the Lord Protector, who had given orders that the queen should not be admitted to the presence of her sons.

The poor lady pleaded¹ in vain. And so she could but return to the sanctuary; but in glancing² back at the Tower, she exclaimed,—

"Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes
Whom envy hath immured within your walls!
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!³
Rude ragged nurse,—old sullen playfellow
For tender princes,—use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell!"

Richard now made his purpose known to Sir James Tyrrel, intrusting⁴ him with the murder of the innocent children; and he readily undertook to have it done, and found two men, named Dighton and Forrest, who for gain were willing to put the little princes to death.

Cruel men as they were, it seems that their hearts were moved to some compassion, for thus Tyrrel reported his interview with them when all was accomplished:—

"Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn⁵
To do this piece of ruthless⁶ butchery,⁷
Although they were fleshed⁸ villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and kind compassion,
Wept like to children, in their death's sad story
Oh, thus', quoth Dighton, 'lay the tender babes:
Thus, thus', quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
And, in their summer beauty,⁹ kissed each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once', quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my mind;
But oh! the devil'—there the villain stopped:

¹to plead bitten, dagegen sprechen, ²to glance blicken, ³der Tower, poetisch personifiziert als weiblich, wird hier als Wiege, Wärterin und Spielfamerad der jungen in ihm gefangenen Prinzen apostrophiert (angeredet), eine Weise, den Schmerz zu äußern, welche die Königin gleich nachher selbst als thöricht bezeichnet (Delius). ⁴to intrust betrauen, beauftragen, ⁵bestechen, ⁶unbarmherzig, ⁷Schlächtere, Mord, ⁸abgehärtet, ⁹in der vollen Pracht, mit der die Rosen im Sommer sich entfalten (Delius).

When Dighton thus told on:—‘We smotherèd¹
The most replenishèd² sweet work of Nature,
That from the prime creation e’er she framed.’—³
Thus both are gone with conscience and remorse:
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bring this tidings to the bloody king.”

As Tyrrel thus spoke Richard came in, asking if there was good news for him; and hearing that the poor children were dead, said,—

“Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper,
And thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.⁴
Farewell till then.”

When Queen Elizabeth knew that this terrible doom⁵ had befallen her two fair boys, she sought Richard, crying,—

“Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?”

His mother, the duchess, also stepped forward, charging him with the murder of his brother Clarence, and saying,—

“Either thou wilt die, by God’s just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn⁶ a conqueror,
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never more behold thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most grievous⁷ curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire⁸ thee more
Than all the complete armour that thou wear’st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward’s children
Whisper⁹ the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.

¹to smother (spr. smuther) ersticken, ²vollständig, vollendet, vollkommen, ³to frame gestalten, bilden, schaffen, ⁴setze dich in Besitz dessen, was dein Begehrt ist (Delius). Hiernach wäre be Imperativ; be könnte aber auch von may abhängen, da Tyrrel erst nachdenken soll, welche Gnade ihm Richard gewähren könnte. R. erbt das Verlangen des T., es geht an ihn über; R. dagegen erfüllt es, ⁵Loß, Verderben, ⁶=return, ⁷schwer, bitter, schrecklich, ⁸to tire ermüden, ⁹to whisper einem zublinen, vorflütern.

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves¹ thy life, and doth thy death attend.”²

Soon after this the popular feeling grew strong against the usurper; and a rising took place, headed by Henry, Earl of Richmond, who desired to unite the rival houses by marrying Elizabeth of York.

There followed the celebrated battle of Bosworth³ Field, upon the eve⁴ of which Richard was haunted by the most miserable dreams, in which he thought he saw the different victims of his cruelty. Awaking, he cried,—

“I did but dream.

O coward⁵ conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.

* * *

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;
Murder, stern⁶ murder, in the direst⁷ degree;
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar⁸ crying all,—Guilty! guilty!
I shall despair,—there is no creature⁹ loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me.”

His courage, however, revived in a measure¹⁰ when the drum called him to the battle-field; and with the usual cry of “St. George and victory!” he spurred forward to the encounter.¹¹ Ere the day went down, his horse was slain beneath him, and he fought his way on foot, crying,—

“A horse, a horse! my kingdom for a horse!”¹²

But in the very act of aiming¹³ a death-blow at Henry of Lancaster, Richard was slain; and his body being conveyed to Leicester was interred in the church of the Greyfriars.

Then was the White Rose united with the Red by the marriage of Richmond (now Henry VII.) with Elizabeth of York, and peace once more smiled on England.

¹ begleitet, ² to attend folgen, begleiten, ³ 22. August 1485, ⁴ Vorabend, ⁵ feiges, ⁶ finster, ⁷ dire gräßlich, ⁸ vor die Schranken des Gerichts, ⁹ die Auslassung des Relativs im Nominativ (that) findet sich am häufigsten nach there is, ¹⁰ einigermaßen, ¹¹ Gefecht, Kampf, ¹² einer der berühmtesten Verse Shakespeare's, ¹³ to aim zielen.

XVIII.

KING HENRY VIII.

For many years had Henry VIII. of England been married to his Spanish wife, Katharine of Aragon, when his fancy was so much pleased with a young lady of the court named Anne Bullen, that he began to think of some pretext by which he might rid himself of Katharine, and thus be wedded¹ to this new favourite. Anne was well pleased with the king's admiration, though when rumours of his separation from the queen began to be whispered in the court, she feigned to pity her royal mistress, and said,—

“Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,²
Than to be perked up³ in a glistering⁴ grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.”

The proud and ambitious Cardinal Wolsey was high in Henry's favour at that time, and he suggested⁵ that there was some doubt as to whether the marriage with Queen Katharine was strictly legal; and that, if illegal, it could be dissolved. The king was pleased to make much⁶ of this opinion, and to see in it ground for permitting

Ausſprache der Eigennamen: Abergavenny (abbërgenni) — Anne Bullen (än bull'n) — Brandon (brand'n) — Butts — Campēiūs — Capucius (kā-póoshiūs) — Cranmer — Cromwell — Denny — Gärdiner — Griffith — Guildford (ghíldfurd) — Lincoln (língkun) — Lovell (lúvell) — Nicholas Vaux (níkkolas vōks) — Wolsey (uullſi). — Henry VIII., 1509—1547.

¹to wed heiraten, ²in content iſt mit humble zu verbinden; in demſelben Range zu ſtehen mit niederen Leuten, die in Zufriedenheit leben (Delius). ³aufgeputzt, ⁴glänzend, ſchimmernd, ⁵to suggest (ſpr. sugjést) zu verſtehen geben, ⁶to make much of ſehr ſchätzen, billigen.

him to dismiss Katharine and marry Anne Bullen; so a commission to try the question was obtained from Rome, to which the whole court were called to listen in a hall in Black Friars.¹ Before all that company Katharine knelt at the king's feet, begging to know her fault.

“Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed² to put me off,³
And take your good grace from me?”

Turning to Wolsey, Katharine accused him of being her enemy; but in reply he called on⁴ the king to declare that he was not acting in the matter of the separation, but that it proceeded⁵ and was warranted⁶ by a commission from the entire consistory⁷ of Rome. Then the queen cried,—

“I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his Holiness,
And to be judged by him.”

Leaving the court, Katharine went to her own apartments in the palace at Bridewell, and calling her maidens round her, bade one of them sing, so to divert⁸ her mind from its heavy sorrows; and this was the song which now fell sweetly and soothingly⁹ upon the poor queen's ear:—

“Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing;
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.”¹⁰

¹ Dominicaner; ein Stadtteil in London, ²verfahren, ³entlassen, verstoßen, ⁴auffordern, ⁵to proceed ausgehen, ⁶to warrant (spr. wórrunt), bestätigen, ⁷das Konsistorium, die geistliche Oberbehörde, der geistliche Gerichtshof, ⁸to divert ablenken, ⁹beruhigend, besänftigend ¹⁰bei Orpheus' Musik sprossen Pflanzen und Blumen hervor, als ob Sonnenschein und Regen dort einen ewigen Frühling bewirkt hätten (Delius). as = as if. Orpheus, spr. awr-fē-us.

“Every thing that heard him play,
 Even the billows¹ of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by:²
 In sweet music is such art,
 Killing care and grief of heart
 Fall asleep, or hearing, die.”³

Presently⁴ Wolsey and another great cardinal sought her majesty, with the intention of persuading her to separate willingly⁵ from Henry rather than make her threatened appeal to Rome. But she refused to make herself appear, as it were,⁶ guilty of any wrong whereby she might fitly⁷ be divorced;⁸ and declaring herself the most miserable of women, exclaimed,—

“Like the lily,
 That once was mistress of the field and flourished,
 I'll hang my head and perish.”

Up to⁹ this time Wolsey had not suspected¹⁰ the king's affection for Anne Bullen; and upon discovering it he was very indignant, and privately wrote to the Pope, begging him to stay¹¹ for a time all proceedings¹² for dissolving the marriage with Queen Katharine.

By an accident this letter fell into the hands of Henry, who became exceedingly angry with his former favourite; and sending for the cardinal, thus addressed him:—

“My father loved you:
 He said he did; and with his deed did crown
 His word upon you. Since I had my office,
 I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
 Employed you where high profits might come home,¹³
 But pared¹⁴ my present havings,¹⁵ to bestow
 My bounties¹⁶ upon you.”

Wolsey was surprised, and wondered what all this might mean; but he answered,—

¹Wellen, ²to lie by still liegen, sich beruhigen, ³in der holden Musik steckt solch eine Zauberfunst, daß zehrender (tötender) Gram oder Herzenskummer dabei entschlummern oder im Zuhören sterben (Delius). ⁴sogleich, alsbald, ⁵gutwillig, freiwillig, ⁶so zu sagen, gleichsam, ⁷füglich, passend, ⁸to divorce scheiden, ⁹bis zu, ¹⁰to suspect argwöhnen, ¹¹unterbrechen, ¹²Maßregeln, ¹³einkommen, sich ergeben, ¹⁴to pare verkürzen, beschneiden, ¹⁵Have, Besitz, Vermögen, ¹⁶Gaben, Gnadenbeweisungen.

“My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,
 Showered on me daily, have been more than could
 My studied¹ purposes² requite;³ which⁴ went
 Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours
 Have ever come too short of⁵ my desires,
 Yet filed⁶ with my abilities: mine own ends
 Have been mine so, that evermore⁷ they pointed⁸
 To the good of your most sacred person and
 The profit of the state. For your great graces
 Heaped upon me, poor undeserver,⁹ I
 Can nothing render but allegiant¹⁰ thanks,—
 My prayers to Heaven for you,—my loyalty,
 Which ever has¹¹ and ever shall be growing,
 Till death, that winter, kill it.”

Henry then gave him his own discovered letter, and retired, frowning upon¹² him; while the nobles who followed in the royal train whispered together and smiled derisively.¹³

When Wolsey understood what was wrong,¹⁴ he knew that his power with the king was at an end; for the character of Henry was such that he would never pardon any interference¹⁵ with his own plans.

“Nay then, farewell!
 I have touched the highest point of all my greatness;
 And, from that full meridian of my glory,
 I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation¹⁶ in the evening,
 And no man see me more”—

¹absichtlich, ²Borfsätze, ³vergeltten, belohnen. — Eure königlichen Gnaden-
 erweisungen, die sich täglich auf mich ergossen (niederregneten), sind größer gewesen,
 als daß selbst meine absichtlichen Bestrebungen (es zu thun) sie vergelten könnten.
⁴which geht auf den ganzen vorhergehenden Satz: es ging über alle menschlichen
 Anstrengungen hinaus, mit angestregten Bemühungen Eure Gnade vergelten
 zu können (Delius). ⁵zurückbleiben hinter, ⁶to file in Reihen marschieren, defil-
 lieren; in gleichem Schritt gehen mit. — Meine Bemühungen sind zwar immer
 hinter meinen Wünschen zurück geblieben, jedoch haben sie gleichen Schritt mit
 meinen Fähigkeiten gehalten. Ich habe nicht soviel erreicht, als ich wünschte,
 jedoch soviel, als mir überhaupt möglich war. ⁷immerfort, ⁸abzielen auf, ⁹der
 Verdienstlose, der Mann ohne Verdienst, Unwürdige, ¹⁰treu und gehorsam (wie
 sie dem Lehnsmann, Unterthan geziemen), ¹¹nämlich has been growing, ¹²finster
 ansehend, zürnend, ¹³derisively spöttisch, ¹⁴nicht in Richtigkeit, ¹⁵Einmischung,
¹⁶glänzender, strahlender Dunst; jedenfalls Umschreibung von Sternschnuppe
 (falling star, shooting star).

he exclaimed. Nor was it long before this downfall commenced, by the Duke of Norfolk coming to bid him in the king's name deliver up the Great Seal, and to retire to Esher until the royal pleasure¹ concerning him was made known. After the lords who had borne Henry's message had left him alone, Wolsey took a sorrowful leave of his high position.

‘Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth²
 The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing³ honours thick upon him;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 And,—when he thinks, good easy⁴ man, full surely
 His greatness is a-ripening,⁵—nips⁶ his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton⁷ boys that swim on bladders,⁸
 This⁹ many summers in a sea of glory,
 But far beyond my depth:¹⁰ my high-blown¹¹ pride
 At length broke under me, and now has left me,
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
 I feel my heart new opened. Oh, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,¹²
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have:¹³
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,¹⁴
 Never to hope again.”

While thus communing with himself,¹⁵ Wolsey heard the footsteps of his servant Cromwell, who was amazed and distressed by

¹ Wille, Willensmeinung, ² to put forth ausstrecken, zum Vorschein bringen, ³ to blush rot werden (von den Blüten auf die Ehren unmittelbar übertragen), ⁴ ruhig, behaglich, zufrieden, ⁵ im Reifwerden begriffen (in der Reife), ⁶ zerbeißen, vernichten, töten, ⁷ ausgelassen, lustig, mutwillig, ⁸ bladder Luftblase, ⁹ This steht bei Sh. oft für these bei der Angabe der Summe. S. Deutschbein, Shakespeare-Grammatik für Deutsche, p. 14. ¹⁰ weit über den Punkt hinaus, wo ich Grund hatte, ¹¹ weit aufgeblasen. — Das Bild von den Blasen, mit deren Hilfe er schwamm, wird hier noch fortgesetzt (Delius). ¹² their ruin ist das Verderben, das von den Fürsten ausgeht (Delius). ¹³ Mehr Qual und Angst, als ein Krieg oder Frauen verursachen, ¹⁴ Satan, ¹⁵ sich mit sich selbst unterreden.

the downfall of the master whose power had been so lately¹ well-nigh² boundless. It seems, though,³ that after the first surprise and humiliation, the cardinal felt that the king's act had wrought⁴ him good rather than evil; for he could see that his worldly greatness had done harm⁵ to his soul, and that in losing it he began to taste—

“A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience.”

Then Cromwell told his news:—that Sir Thomas More was made Lord Chancellor in his master's place; that Cranmer was installed⁶ Archbishop of Canterbury; and that Anne Bullen had made her public appearance as Henry's queen.

Wolsey now was anxious⁷ that Cromwell should enjoy the favour of the monarch, rather than share his changed fortunes; for said he,—

“No sun shall⁸ ever usher forth⁹ mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles.”¹⁰

Unwillingly did Cromwell contemplate a separation from his master; he declared that if he gave his service to the king, his love and his prayers would ever be for the cardinal, who had been so noble and true in his eyes. His words moved Wolsey to weep; but conquering his emotion, he began to advise his servant against those errors into which he had himself fallen, saying,—

“Cromwell, I charge¹¹ thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels;¹² how can man, then,
The image of his Maker,¹³ hope to win by it?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;¹⁴
Corruption wins not more than honesty.¹⁵

¹vor so ganz kurzer Zeit, ²fast, beinahe, ³jedoch, gleichwohl, ⁴bewirkt, verschafft, ⁵schaden, ⁶eingesetzt, ⁷ängstlich, besorgt, ⁸= will (Futurum), ⁹ankündigen, einführen, ¹⁰die mir dienten, um ein Beifallslächeln zu verdienen, ¹¹verpflichten, auffordern, beschwören, ¹²und Hochmut ist's, wodurch die Engel fielen, woran der Höllegeist den Menschen faßt. Schiller, Jungfrau v. O. (Thibaut). ¹³Schöpfer, ¹⁴Love your enemies, bless them that curse you. S. Matthew, V. 44. ¹⁵corruption Verderbniß, Schlechtigkeit. — Man denkt hier unwillkürlich an das Sprüchwort: Honesty is the best policy, Ehrlich währt am längsten.

Still¹ in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:²
 Let all the ends³ thou aims't at⁴ be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and thruth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessèd martyr! Serve the king;
 And,—prithee, lead me in:⁵
 There take an inventory⁶ of all I have,
 To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
 And my integrity to Heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me nakèd to mine enemies."⁷

Soon after this, Katharine of Aragon's marriage with Henry VIII. was dissolved by his desire, so that he might have Anne Bullen crowned his queen; and in great state that lady was conducted to Westminster, magnificently attired⁸ for the ceremony.

Katharine retired to Kimbolton with a few faithful attendants; but her sorrows caused her to fall sick, and while in this state⁹ news was taken to her that Wolsey was dead. Anxious to hear how this had happened, she questioned those about her, and was told that the Earl of Northumberland had arrested the once proud cardinal at York; and while being conveyed thence to answer the charges¹⁰ brought against him by the king, sudden illness had overtaken him, and, being with difficulty brought as far as Leicester, he was received into the abbey there, and died three nights afterwards,—

“Full of repentance,
 Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows.”

In relating this, Griffith, who occupied the post of gentleman-usher¹¹ to the ex-queen, said of Wolsey that—

“His overthrow heaped happiness upon him;
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,

¹stets, immer, ²Fürchte Gott, thue Recht und scheue niemand, ³end Zweck, Absicht, ⁴to aim at streben, ⁵diese Worte charakterisieren die zunehmende Körperschwäche Wolsey's seit seinem Sturze (Delius). ⁶Inventar, Verzeichniß der Habe, ⁷Sh. entlehnte diese Worte aus den Chroniken, wo Wolsey kurz vor seinem Ende zu Master Ringston sagt: If I had served God as diligently as I have done the King, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs, ⁸to attire anfleiden, schmücken, zieren, ⁹während sie sich in diesem Zustande befand, ¹⁰Beschuldigungen, ¹¹Ceremonienmeister, Einführer.

And found the blessedness¹ of being little:
 And, to add greater honours to his age
 Than man could give him, he died fearing God."

As Katharine listened, she felt her former dislike to Wolsey change into respect for him in his last hours; and saying she could desire no more faithful friend than Griffith to speak of her after her death, the sorrowful lady asked for music—a sad strain² she already loved and called her "knell."³ While this was playing⁴ she slept, and in sleeping dreamed that she saw bright heavenly spirits smiling upon her and promising her happiness at last.

When she awoke, the watchers marked a change in her features, and believed her end drew very near; but as they whispered of this together, a messenger came from Henry, saying that his majesty was grieved to hear of Katharine's sickness, and entreated her to be comforted.⁵ Well might the much-injured lady say that such a message was a "pardon after execution"—coming too late; but she had prepared a letter of farewell to the king, in which she commended to his care their daughter the Princess Mary, and begged him to secure the welfare of her faithful serving men and women. Having intrusted this letter to the royal messenger, and bidding him tell Henry that in death she blessed him, Katharine asked her maidens to help her to her chamber, where she shortly afterwards drew her last breath.

Some time after this there were signs of unusual rejoicing in the palace at Greenwich,⁶ where an august⁷ company had assembled for the christening⁸ of the Princess Elizabeth, the infant daughter of Henry VIII. and Anne Bullen.

Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, was there to perform the ceremony; and having knelt, in token of homage,⁹ to the king and the royal infant, began to foretell for her a happy and glorious future:—

"In her days every man shall eat in safety,
 Under his own vine,¹⁰ what he plants; and sing

¹ Segen, ² Lied, Weise, ³ Totenglocke, ⁴ = being played, ⁵ sich trösten zu lassen, ⁶ spr. greenitsch, ⁷ erhaben, erlaucht, ⁸ to christen (spr. krisn) taufen, (to baptize in the name of Christ), ⁹ Suldigung, ¹⁰ das Bild ist entlehnt aus der Bibel (1. Könige IV, 25): every man dwelt safely under his vine (Delius).

The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours;
God shall be truly known;¹ and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood."²

¹Eine Hindeutung auf die unter Elisabeths Regierung durchgeführte Kirchenreformation (Delius). ²eine Anspielung auf den geistigen Aufschwung (besonders in der Litteratur), durch welchen das Zeitalter der Elisabeth berühmt geworden ist.

XIX.

CORIOLANUS.

The streets of Rome were filled with rebellious citizens, who, armed with clubs¹ and staves, shouted² their angry threats against the patricians. It was a time of scarcity³ and famine,⁴ and the grievance⁵ of the common people was that the store-houses⁶ of the rich were filled with grain while they were left to starve,⁷ and that the laws of the state were oppressive.⁸ Caius Marcius was he whom these angry people denounced⁹ as their chief enemy, and they declared that they would kill him; but in the midst of the tumult the voice of one who had been a friend to the citizens was heard, asking what business was on hand¹⁰ for which so many weapons were needed.

It was Menenius Agrippa; and at sight of him there was a lull¹¹ in the tumult, so that he could speak to these enraged men. At first he told them they were wrong in supposing the patricians were their enemies; and as for the dearth,¹² it was not of their causing.¹³ But such words as these had no effect on them; and again the rough voices were raised with the cry, "Care for us!"¹⁴ They ne'er cared for us yet."

Aussprache der Eigennamen: Căiŭs Mărcius Coriolănus (măhrshius)
—Comīnius—Jūnius Brŭtus—Mēnēnius Agrīppa—Tītus Lartius (lăhrshĭŭs)
—Tŭllus Aufĭdius (au=aw)—Văléria—Virgilia (verdjĭlia)—Volŭmnia.

¹club Reule, ²to shout laut ſchreien, ³Mangel, Teuerung, ⁴Hungerſnot, ⁵Befchwerde, ⁶Vorratshäuser, Speicher, ⁷Hungerſ ſterben, ⁸unterdrückend, ⁹to denounce anſlagen, ¹⁰waſ ſie vorhätten, ¹¹Beruhigung, Nachlaſſen, ¹²Teuerung, Hungerſnot, ¹³ſie ſei nicht von ihnen veranlaſt, verurſacht worden, ¹⁴ſich um unſ kümmern.

Then Menenius Agrippa began to liken¹ the members of the state to the different members of the human frame,² which, he said, could not be independent one of another any more than could patricians dispense with plebeians, or plebeians with patricians; and while he still talked with them, Caius Marcius appeared in their midst, exclaiming,—

“What’s the matter,
That in these several places of the city³
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under⁴ the gods, keep⁵ you in awe,⁶ which else⁷
Would feed on one another?”⁸

But he brought also the tidings that one of their requests was granted, and that five tribunes were to be elected by their own choice to defend their rights, one of whom was Junius Brutus. Marcius, however, declared that never should the “rabble”⁹ have so prevailed with¹⁰ him, and that this would be but the introduction of other insurrections.

While he thus spoke, news was brought that the Volscians had taken up arms, led by one¹¹ Tullus Aufidius, of whom Marcius said,—

“He is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.”

In the Volscian town of Corioli the senators were assembled to discuss¹² the manner in which the Romans had received the tidings of their preparations for war. One of them exclaimed,—

“Our army’s in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.”

Another added,—

“Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission;¹³ hie you¹⁴ to your bands;
Let us alone to guard Corioli.

¹to liken vergleichen, ²Körper, ³die Auführer waren nicht hier am Orte alle beisammen, sondern durch die ganze Stadt verteilt (Delius). ⁴unter, nächst, ⁵der Plural mit Bezug auf das Collectivum senate, ⁶Ehrerbietung, ehrfurchtsvolle Scheu, ⁷sonst, ⁸euch gegenseitig auffressen würdet, ⁹Pöbel, ¹⁰to prevail with vermögen, bewegen, ¹¹von einem gewissen, ¹²befprechen, ¹³Amte, das ihm übertragene Kommando, ¹⁴eile.

If they set down¹ before's², for the remove³
 Bring up⁴ your army; but, I think, you'll find
 They've not prepared for us."

Virgilia, the wife of Marcius, was filled with sorrow and fear at the prospect of the war; but his mother, Volumnia, sought to instil⁵ into her some of her own courage, and she said: "When yet he was but tender-bodied,⁶ and the only son of my womb;⁷ when youth with comeliness⁸ plucked⁹ all gaze his way;¹⁰ when for a day of kings' entreaties¹¹ a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I, considering how honour would become such a person, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like¹² to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak."

Virgilia here asked how it would have been had Marcius died instead of returning victorious; and Volumnia said she would have prized his renown as a son, and that she would rather, had she a dozen sons, that eleven should die nobly for their country than that one should live in softness¹³ and luxury.

Presently another Roman lady came to the dwelling of Marcius. Her name was Valeria, and being Virgilia's friend, she sought to persuade her to go out with her.

"I'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars," said Virgilia.

"Go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband," was Valeria's reply. But this news was only that Marcius had been sent with his troops to Corioli, accompanied by Titus Lartius, and there was no doubt that the Volscians would be subdued and the war quickly ended. However, it was impossible to raise the spirits¹⁴ of the sorrowful lady; and she remained in her home with an anxious and desponding¹⁵ heart.

¹ belagern, ²'s = us, ³Entsatz, Befreiung, ⁴bringe herbei, ⁵einflößen, ⁶von zartem Körper, ⁷womb (woom) Schooß, ⁸Anstand, Anmut, ⁹hinreißen, ¹⁰nach dem Orte, wo er war. — Als seine Jugendlichkeit und Schönheit alle Blicke in der Richtung auf ihn zog (Delius). ¹¹Wenn selbst Könige einen ganzen Tag lang die Mutter um die Abtretung ihres Sohnes auch nur für eine Stunde gebeten hätten (Delius). Wenn eine Mutter für einen Tag lang anhaltende Bitten von Königen ihn nicht auf eine Stunde aus ihrem Anschauen hätte weggeben (verkaufen) wollen, ¹²wo er Aussicht hatte, ¹³Verweichlichung, ¹⁴Lebensgeister, ¹⁵mutlos, verzagt.

There was desperate fighting on either side, and the Romans were beaten back to their trenches; but Marcius led them forward, and this time the Volscians were driven into Corioli, pursued within the very gates by the brave commander.

Not one of his men was by him, the gates were shut behind his back and he was alone with the enemy; and yet, singlehanded,¹ Marcius kept the Volscians at bay,² and thus let in the Roman army to the town, which they ransacked.³

When the Romans were gathered in their camp, after a retreat was sounded, and began to extol the courage of Marcius, he said,—

“Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter⁴ to extol her blood,
When she does praise me grieves me. I have done
As you have done,—that’s what I can; induced
As you have been,—that’s for my country:
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta’en⁵ mine act.”

The Roman general, Cominius, would not pass over such brave achievements in silence; and he declared that a tenth part of the spoil taken from Corioli was to be the reward.

“I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe⁶ to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing”—

was the reply of Marcius; whereat the soldiers made the air resound with his name, and waved their caps and lances.

Cominius then said he was too modest, but that he would choose another form of recompense for his great service to the state.

“Be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war’s garland:⁷ in token of the which,⁸
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging;⁹ and from this time,

¹ mit einer Hand, to keep at bay hinhalten, ² to ransack plündern, ⁴ Freibrief, Privilegium, Vorrecht, ⁵ eingeholt, erreicht (overtaken), ⁶ Geschenk, Bestechung, ⁷ Guirlande, Kranz, ⁸ bei Shakespeare wird das Relativ which oft durch den vorgesetzten Artikel verstärkt, ⁹ mit aller zugehörigen Ausrüstung.

For what he did before Corioli, call him,
 With all the applause¹ and clamour of the host,
 CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS!—Bear
 The addition² nobly ever;”

Great was the rejoicing when this news reached the city of Rome, and great numbers of its people went out to meet the victor, who was crowned with a wreath³ of oak leaves, and accompanied by every mark of honour.

Volumnia, his mother, gloried even in the wounds he had received; but Virgilia wept, and Coriolanus said to her,—

“Wouldst thou have laughed had I come coffined⁴ home,
 That weep’st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
 Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
 And mothers that lack⁵ sons.”

After this, the senate elected Coriolanus consul; but it was first necessary that he should obtain the votes of the common people, and many of these had never liked him. It went sorely⁶ against the will of the proud Roman to have thus to seek the favour of those beneath himself in rank; but he reflected,—

“Custom calls me to’t:—
 What custom wills, in all things should we do’t,
 The dust on antique⁷ time would lie unswept,⁸
 And mountainous error⁹ be too highly heapt
 For truth to o’er-peer.”¹⁰

However, the triumph he had achieved won him the majority of the votes, and the choice of the senate was thus confirmed; but the tribunes Sicinius and Brutus were not well pleased, and accused the people of weakness and childishness in being persuaded by the words of a man who had never been their friend. They also urged the citizens to reverse their choice at the public election, and lay the fault upon their tribunes.

“Say we read lectures to you,
 How youngly he began to serve his country,
 How long continued”—

¹ſpr. th’applause, ²Beinamen, ³Kranz, ⁴eingefargt, im Sarge, ⁵to lack Mangel haben (hier: verloren haben), ⁶ſchwer, empfindlich, gewaltig, ⁷ſpr. antèk (hier wegen des Rhythmus auf der erſten Silbe zu betonen), alt, antiſ, ⁸ungeſegt, ⁹berghoher Irrtum, ¹⁰darüber wegſehen.

exclaimed Brutus; and seeing that his words were making some impression, he went on:—

“Say you ne’er had done’t¹—
Harp on that still²—but by our putting on:³
And presently, when you have drawn⁴ your number,
Repair to the Capitol.”

Having thus incited their hearers to rebel against their rulers, Brutus and Sicinius themselves sought Coriolanus, and told him it would be dangerous to proceed further in the business of his election.

The patrician Cominius exclaimed angrily,—

“Hath he not passed⁵ the noble and the common?”⁶

Brutus answered that the people were incensed⁷ against him; and reminded Coriolanus that, but a short time before, he had been unwilling for corn to be given them in their distress.

Coriolanus declared that what he had felt and what he had said then he would now repeat,—that soothing⁸ these restive⁹ and troublesome commoners was but nourishing the seeds of insolence and rebellion against the senate.

Then Brutus cried,—

“Why,¹⁰ shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice?”

And Sicinius added,—

“Has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.”

Here a crowd of infuriated people broke in, crying, “Down with him!” but Sicinius called on them for peace, and as he was one of their own tribunes, they permitted him to speak to them. He would not use the name of Coriolanus, which had been given

¹you should never have done it, ²fanget immer wieder davon an, ³to put on antreiben (to incite, to instigate), ⁴to draw = to assemble, versammeln
⁵=to be approved by, hat er nicht die Zustimmung, die Stimme erlangt,
⁶the noble (die Vornehmen, die Patrizier); the common die Gemeinen, das Volk (beide Adj. mit Art. als Subst. im kollektiven Sinne), ⁷entzündet, erzürnt,
⁸to soothe besänftigen, schmeicheln, ⁹restive stätig (von Pferden), starrköpfig,
¹⁰interj., nun, aber.

in triumphant reward, but called the newly-named consul by his familiar title of Marcius.

“You are at point¹ to lose your liberties:
 Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
 Whom late you have named for consul.”

Brutus here interposed, saying that by unanimous consent he and others had been chosen as the tribunes of the people, and that they should uphold their own authority.

“We do here pronounce,
 Upon the part² o’ the people, in whose power
 We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
 Of present death.”

Excited to fury, the citizens would have fallen upon Coriolanus, and bearing him to the Tarpeian³ rock, have cast him thence after the manner of a criminal; but he drew his sword in self-defence, and the other senators besought him to retire to his own house until the violence of popular feeling was calmed.

There Coriolanus still declared that he would not disguise his true sentiments for the sake of winning favour; and when his mother, Volumnia, urged him to such a course, he cried,—

“Why did you wish me milder? would you have me
 False to my nature? Rather say I play
 The man I am.”⁴

Presently the senators sought him, begging him to return to the market-place of the city and amend what he had there said.

As Coriolanus still refused to feign sentiments which he did not truly hold, Volumnia began to entreat him to go and speak

¹= upon the point im Begriff, ²zu Gunsten, zum Besten, ³in den ältesten Zeiten Roms bis zu den ersten Jahrhunderten der Republik wurden von dem senkrechten Tarpejischen Felsen Freie (nie Sklaven) herabgestürzt, die gewisser Verbrechen überführt waren. ⁴Nach Delius: „verlangt vielmehr, daß ich den Mann, der ich bin, auch äußerlich darstelle — to play the man = sich männlich benehmen, kommt bei Sh. öfter vor.“ — To say kann jedoch nicht den Willen bedeuten; auch wird man bei to play immer zunächst an to play a part (eine Rolle) denken. Cor. könnte daher wohl meinen: Soll ich einmal mich verstellen, so nehme man doch mein wirkliches Auftreten als eine Verstellung, obwohl es keine ist.

soothingly¹ to the angry citizens, for by so doing he would afterwards gain a complete power over them. At length, after much urging,² Coriolanus said,—

“Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery further.”

Arrived in the Forum, he was asked if he were content to submit to the voice of the people, and he answered that he was; upon which his friend Menenius bade the citizens think how brave a soldier Coriolanus had proved himself, and that, if his words were rough, they were such as became a soldier.

Then the tribune Sicinius brought forward this charge³ against him,—

“You have contrived to take
From Rome all seasoned⁴ office, and to wind
Yourself into⁵ a power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the people.”

The word *traitor* roused the indignation of Coriolanus, and he broke forth into a storm of angry words, which renewed the popular dislike to him, and again there rose the cry,—

“To the rock, to the rock with him!”

But Sicinius said that it would be better to banish him from the city; and he, as tribune, pronounced upon him that sentence in the name of the people. In vain did the other senators who were the friends of Coriolanus try to speak; the common people would not listen to a word, but shouted,—

“He's banished, and it shall be so.”

Then did the proud soldier, with scorn in every feature of his face, and still greater scorn breathing in his every word, declare that from henceforth he would leave them to their foes; and that never again would he attempt to deliver them from an enemy: thus saying, he departed from the city.

¹beruhigend, besänftigend, ²Drängen, ³Beschuldigung, Anklage, ⁴established and settled by time alle regelmäßige, der Zeit und Ordnung angepaßte Verwaltung. (Delius.) Genauer: Von der Zeit gereift, geheiligt (altbewährt), ⁵einschleichen, einschmeicheln.

Bitterly did the mother and the wife of Coriolanus mourn at the disgrace which had overtaken him; but he sought to cheer them, and cried,—

“Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were used
To say extremity¹ was the trier² of spirits;³
That common chances⁴ common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm all boats alike
Showed mastership in floating; Fortune’s blows,
When most struck home,⁵ being gentle wounded,⁶ craves⁷
A noble cunning;⁸ you were used to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conned⁹ them.”

Some of his friends declared they would follow him into exile; but Coriolanus bade them all farewell:—

“Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch;¹⁰ when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught¹¹
But what is like me formerly.”

Making his way to Antium,¹² Coriolanus sought the dwelling of Aufidius, his former enemy, so well disguised in mean apparel that none could have recognized him. As he approached the house to which he had been directed, he mused¹³ upon the turns and changes¹⁴ which take place in the world, so that friends become sometimes the bitterest foes. When admitted to the presence of Aufidius and asked his name, Coriolanus said it was one unmusical¹⁵ to Volscian ears—even that of Caius Marcius, who had wrought them so much ill, yet who now was willing to fight with them against his ungrateful countrymen.

Aufidius was deeply moved by his words, and declared that even had he no other quarrel against Rome, he should be ready

¹äußerste Not, ²Prüfer, Prüfstein, ³Mut, Herz, ⁴Schickungen, Begebenheiten, ⁵to the heart, to the quick, ⁶=although wounded, ⁷fordert, ⁸=skill and power, Tüchtigkeit, ⁹to know, to learn, ¹⁰edel und gründlich bewährt, ¹¹irgend etwas, ¹²Stadt in Latium, meist auf Seiten der Rom feindlichen Völkern, besonders der Volser, als deren Hauptstadt sie bisweilen galt, ¹³to muse nachdenken, ¹⁴Veränderungen und Wechselfälle, ¹⁵widrigklingend.

to war with the city for their treatment of so noble a defender; and professing a sincere friendship, bade him "a thousand welcomes."

The good news travelled apace¹ in the city, and the Volscians rejoiced at their certain victory over their enemy, now they had so brave a soldier on their side.

When the Romans heard that Aufidius, joined by Marcius, was leading a powerful force against their city, every heart was filled with consternation.

"He will shake
Your Rome about your ears."—²

was the cry of the senators to the tribunes who had caused this misfortune; and Menenius exclaimed that they were all undone³ unless Coriolanus, being noble of heart, would show some mercy.

The fickle⁴ citizens now declared that when they consented to his banishment it was against their will; but Sicinius and Brutus strove to quiet them by declaring that the news was not true, and that they had better disperse to their homes and cast aside all fear.

Meanwhile some of the patrician lords went forth from Rome towards the spot where Coriolanus was encamped, and kneeling, begged his clemency, yet in vain. One of them bade him think of those in the city who were still his friends; but he answered that for "one poor grain⁵ or two" he could not leave the whole unburned.

Then Menenius Agrippa, whom he had formerly loved well, was despatched to plead with⁶ Coriolanus, to bid him think of his child, his mother, his wife; but he was quickly dismissed.

"Be gone.⁷
Mine ears against your suits⁸ are stronger than
Your gates against my force"—

¹ hurtig, ² er wird euch euer Rom um die Ohren schlagen, ³ vernichtet, ⁴ unbeständig, wankelmütig, ⁵ dieser Ausdruck ist nur verständlich, wenn man die ganze Stelle berücksichtigt; Cominius berichtet: "I offer'd (versuchen) to awaken his regard For's (his) private friends: his answer to me was, He could not stay (sich aufhalten) to pick them in a pile (Säufen) Of noisome musty chaff: he said 'twas folly, For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt, And still to nose th' offence!" noisome schädlich, widrig, ekelhaft; musty dumpfig, schimmelig; chaff Spreu; to nose = to smell riechen, ⁶ to plead with verhandeln, ⁷ fort mit dir! ⁸ Bitten, Gesuche.

was the only answer which could be won from him who had formerly done so much for his country.

One more effort did the Romans make to appease¹ the anger of Coriolanus, and that was by sending Virgilia to his camp dressed in mourning and leading their young son by the hand. "My lord and husband," she cried. But the voice was stern which answered her,—

"These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome."

Presently, however, Coriolanus softened a little in his manner;² yet bade her not ask him to forgive the Romans. He knelt to his aged mother, too, and sought her blessing, but she fell on her knees before him, to plead for mercy on the city of his birth; and though he long maintained his firmness, Coriolanus was touched at last, and, taking her hands in his, cried, "O mother, mother! what have you done?" Then turning to his companion in arms, he said,—

"Aufidius, though I cannot make true³ wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?"

The Volscian general owned that he had felt himself moved; and then Volumnia, Virgilia, and their companions were bidden to enter the tent and rest, while some message of peace was devised⁴ for them to carry back to Rome.

Menenius and the tribune Sicinius were anticipating⁵ small success from this fresh appeal⁶ to Coriolanus; but as they talked together a messenger approached to tell that the ladies had prevailed;⁷ that the Volscians had retired, and Marcius with them; and that—

"A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not th' expulsion of the Tarquins."

Shouts of joy now rent the air: trumpets, hautboys,⁸ and drums⁹ were heard; and both patricians and plebeians went to meet and welcome Volumnia and the other ladies.

¹besänftigen, ²Benehmen, ³rechtschaffen, ehrlich, ⁴to devise erdenken, ausfinden, ⁵to anticipate voraussehen, erwarten, ⁶Anrufung, ⁷to prevail überreden, ⁸(spr. hóboi) Oboe, ⁹es ist ein Anachronismus, wenn Sh. bei den Römern von Trommeln spricht.

A different scene was taking place at Antium; for there Aufidius was denouncing Coriolanus as a traitor to the Volscians, won by the tears of women to deprive them of their expected triumph over Rome.

As he approached to state¹ the honourable terms upon which he had concluded a peace, he was called by the name *Marcus*; and repeating it as if in surprise, Aufidius thus answered him:—

“Ay,² Marcus, Caius Marcus: dost thou think
I'll grace³ thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name, —
Coriolanus in Corioli?
You lords and heads o' the state, perfidiously
He has betrayed your business and given up,
For certain drops of salt,⁴ your city Rome,—
I say 'your city,'— to his wife and mother.”

A tumult ensued, in which several voices cried, “Let him die for it!” and Aufidius, with others who were in his confidence, and knew of his jealous dislike to his Roman rival, drew their swords one of which pierced the heart of Coriolanus, and he fell lifeless on the ground.

“Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep”—

exclaimed one of the lords, turning to Aufidius. And another added,—

“Bear from hence his body:
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corpse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.”

A sudden regret for his rashness⁵ now filled the heart of Aufidius, and he helped to bear away the form of the dead Roman, saying, as he raised it from the earth where it had fallen,—

“Though in this city he
Had widowed⁶ and unchilded⁷ many a one,
Which to this hour bewail⁸ the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.”⁹

¹ vortragen, angeben, ² ay = yes, ³ schmücken, zieren, ⁴ salzige Tropfen (Thränen), ⁵ Übereiltheit, Unbesonnenheit, ⁶ to widow zur Witwe machen, ⁷ to unchild der Kinder berauben, ⁸ beklagen, beweinen, ⁹ = memorial Denkmal.

XX.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

A vast crowd¹ thronged² the streets of Rome, waiting for a sight of Cæsar, who was to make his triumphal entry into the city on the day after his defeat of Pompey. The tribunes Flavius and Marullus were ill-pleased³ to see the general rejoicing, and Marullus cried in his indignation,—

“You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not⁴ Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to⁵ walls and battlements,⁶
To towers and windows, yea,⁷ to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day,⁸ with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,⁹
That Tiber trembled underneath her¹⁰ banks,
To hear the replication¹¹ of your sounds
Made in her concave¹² shores?

Ausſprache der Eigennamen: Artēmidōrus — Caésar — Cālpurnia — Cāsca — Cassius (kāshīūs) — Cātō — Cicero (cīcīrō) — Cīnna — Claudius (klāw) — Clītus — Dardānius — Décius Brūtus (dēshī-us) — Flāvius — Jūlius — Līgārius — Mārūllus — Mārcus Antōnius — Mēssālā — Mētēllus Címber — Octāvius — Pīndārus — Pōrtia (pōrshīā) — Popīlius Lēna — Pūblius (oder pūbl) — Strátō — Titīniūs — Trēbōnius — Vārrō — Volūmnius.

¹Menge, Haufen, ²to throng sich drängen, ³unzufrieden, abgeneigt, ⁴dichterisch, statt Did you not know, ⁵hinaufflimmen auf, ⁶Binnen, ⁷yea = yes (verily); gewöhnlich yā gesprochen (seltener yee), ⁸den lieben, langen Tag (live-long, which lives or lasts long), ⁹Sauchzen, Freudenruf, ¹⁰Tiber weiblich personifiziert ist selten, ¹¹Widerhall, ¹²hohl.

And do you now put on your best attire?
 And do you now cull out¹ a holiday?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?"

Presently the sound of music proclaimed the approach of the great conqueror, with Antony, Cicero, Brutus, and others in his company; followed by a concourse² of people, among whom was a soothsayer. Calpurnia, the wife of Cæsar, too was there; and Portia, wife to Brutus; and other noble ladies attending on³ them. Great was the noise; but amidst it the ear of Cæsar caught the sound of his own name, and commanding silence, he exclaimed,—

"Who is it in the press⁴ that calls on me?
 I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
 Cry 'Cæsar!' Speak; Cæsar is turned to hear."

It was the soothsayer⁵ who had uttered the name, and who now said, "Beware⁶ the ides⁷ of March."

Inquiring who it was that thus addressed him, Cæsar had the man brought forward, and bade him repeat once more what he had to say.

"Beware the ides of March," repeated the soothsayer; but the procession passed on, deeming his words unworthy of notice.

It was the feast of Lupercalia⁸ they were celebrating, and many sports⁹ were going on; but Brutus would not view them when Cassius pressed him to do so: for, said he,—

"I am not gamesome:¹⁰ I do lack¹¹ some part¹²
 Of that quick spirit that is in Antony."

They were talking together, when a noise of shouting was heard, and Brutus said he feared the people must be choosing Cæsar for their king. Cassius asked him if he wished it might not be so, whereupon Brutus answered,

¹auslesen, aussuchen, ²Menge, Zusammenlauf, ³begleiten, das Gefolge bilden, ⁴Menge, Gedränge, ⁵Wahrsager, ⁶hüte dich vor, ⁷die Iden waren im römischen Kalender der 15. Tag der Monate März, Mai, Juli und Oktober; der 13. Tag der andern Monate, ⁸die Lupercalien waren das Fest des lycäischen Pan, welches im Februar gefeiert wurde. Lycäus, ein hohes Gebirge in Asien, dem Jupiter und Pan heilig, ⁹Belustigungen, ¹⁰lustig, zum Spiel aufgelegt, ¹¹brauchen, fehlen, ¹²etwas.

"I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well."

But he felt sure that there was some reason for Cassius seeking to detain him apart from the rest, and begged that he might hear it. Thus urged,¹ Cassius disclosed his secret jealousy of Cæsar.

"What should be in that 'Cæsar'?

Why should that name be sounded² more than yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;

Sound them, it doth become³ the mouth as well;

Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure⁴ with 'em,

Brutus will start⁵ a spirit as soon as Cæsar."

Brutus confessed that he too had sometimes thought like this, and would now consider what Cassius had been saying; but their conversation was checked by the reappearance of Cæsar and his train, for the games were ended.

Brutus noticed an angry flush⁶ upon the brow of the great conqueror, while his wife Calpurnia's cheek was undoubtedly pale, and he felt convinced that something was amiss.⁷

At the same time Cæsar was looking suspiciously at Cassius, and calling Antony to him, declared he was a man who thought too much, and such men were dangerous.

"Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;

He is a noble Roman, and well given"—⁸

was Antony's reply; to which Cæsar answered that he had no fear, but that

"If my name were liable to fear,

I do not know the man I should avoid

So soon as that spare⁹ Cassius. He reads much;

He is a great observer, and he looks

Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no plays,

As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort

As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit

That could be moved to smile at any thing.

Such men as he be¹⁰ never at heart's ease¹¹

¹gedrängt, ²to sound aussprechen, ³gut stehen, ⁴befchwören, ⁵aufrufen, erwecken, ⁶erröten, ⁷verkehrt, nicht recht, nicht in Ordnung, ⁸wohlgefinnt, ⁹mager (lean), ¹⁰=are ¹¹zufrieden, in angenehmer Stimmung.

Whiles¹ they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous."

As he passed out, Brutus pulled Casca by the cloak, and asked him why Cæsar looked so sad.

"Why, there was a crown offered him," said Casca; "and being offered him, he put it by² with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting."³

"What was the second noise for?" asked Brutus.

"Why, for that too;" and Casca went on to tell that three times had the crown been offered, yet three times had Cæsar put it from him, and as he did so a fresh shout was raised.

Cassius hearing all this, kept it carefully in his mind, and went to his home resolved to fan⁴ the little flame of envy he had discovered existing in the breast of Brutus. He meant to throw in at his window several papers, which should appear to come from different people, yet all containing some expression of their high esteem of his name, and some hint⁵ at the ambition of Cæsar.

Not long after this the people of Rome were alarmed by violent thunder, and strangely vivid lightning, and so disturbed a sky that—in their superstition—they believed some terrible event was coming.

"Who ever knew⁶ the heavens menace so?" said Casca, meeting with Cassius; who replied that he had walked about the streets without fear of the lightning's flash. Casca presently told him that on the morrow the senators meant to establish Cæsar as a king, and—save there in Italy—he should wear his crown in every place by sea and land.

"I know where I will wear this dagger, then," said Cassius; and so thoroughly did he rouse⁷ his companion to a share in his own feelings, that a bargain⁸ was soon made between them to aim at gaining redress⁹ for their many grievances;¹⁰ and first of all they must win Brutus wholly to be on their side.

As night came on Brutus was unable to sleep, for the suggestions¹¹ Cassius had made that day disturbed him; and presently he called his servant Lucius to light him a taper in his study.

¹alte Form für whilst oder while = as long as, ²bei Seite setzen oder legen, ³anfangen zu jauchzen, Freudenrufe zu erheben, ⁴fächeln, anfachen, ⁵Wink, Andeutung, Anspielung, ⁶to know erleben, ⁷aufregen, anregen, ⁸Handel, Verabredung, ⁹Abhilfe, ¹⁰Beschwerden, ¹¹Andeutungen, Vorstellungen.

"Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?"

he asked; and when Lucius said he did not know, he was bidden to look in the calendar and bring word. While getting the light this lad found a sealed paper, which he brought to his master, and Brutus opening it, read as follows:—

"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome &c. Speak, strike, redress!¹
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!"

Thinking over these strange words, he murmured,—

"Am I entreated²
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise;³
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus."⁴

Just then there was a sound of knocking at the gate, and Lucius brought word that it was Cassius and some others, who sought an interview with his master.

"Do we trouble you?" said Cassius, entering. Brutus answered that he had been up an hour, and then inquired if he knew the rest of his visitors.

"Yes, every man of them, and no man here
But⁵ honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears⁶ of you."

Then he introduced his companions by name separately.

Forthwith⁷ they began to make their plans for killing Cæsar, and some desired the life of his chief friend, Mark Antony, but Brutus would not agree to this.

When at length Cassius and his party were gone, promising to act their part like brave Romans, Brutus looked at his young servant, who had fallen asleep while waiting their departure. Almost envying the boy such undisturbed repose, he said,—

¹bessere, schaffe Abhülfe, ²to entreat bitten, auffordern, ³ich verspreche dir, gebe dir mein Wort, ⁴wenn aus meinem Sprechen und Losschlagen sich die Herstellung ergibt, so soll, was Rom von mir verlangt: speak, strike, redress, ganz in Erfüllung gehen (Delius). — full petition, die gänzliche Erfüllung des Verlangten, at the hand von, durch, ⁵der nicht, ⁶hegt, ⁷sogleich, alsbald.

“Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
 Thou hast no figures¹ nor no² fantasies.
 Which busy care draws³ in the brains of men;
 Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.”

As he stood there his wife, Portia, came to seek him, for she thought something must be wrong; besides she had observed at supper-time that his mind seemed full of anxious care; and now she said,—

“Dear my lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.”

Brutus answered that he was not well in health. However, Portia knew this was but an excuse to silence her inquiries, and she besought him again to confide in her.

“I grant⁴ I am a woman; but withal⁵
 A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
 I grant I am a woman; but withal
 A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter,
 Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
 Being so fathered and so husbanded?⁶
 Tell me your counsels,⁷ I will not disclose⁸ 'em:
 I have made strong proof of my constancy.”

Just then there was a sound of knocking, and Brutus, hearing it, bade Portia leave him, promising that by-and-by⁹ she should learn the cause of his uneasiness.¹⁰

The new comers proved to be two more noble Romans ready to lend themselves to the conspiracy against Cæsar, and one of them said,—

“With a heart new-fired I follow you,
 To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
 That Brutus leads me on.”

In Cæsar's palace there was some disquietude;¹¹ for his wife, Calpurnia, was filled with presentiments of evil, and as day dawned she begged him not to go out into the city.

¹ Visionen, übernatürliche Erscheinungen, ²no ist überflüssig (pleonastisch), es könnte hier any stehen, ³zeichnet, malt, ⁴to grant zugeben, ⁵übrigens, dabei, ⁶mit einem solchen Vater, einem solchen Ehemann versehen, ⁷Rat, Absicht, ⁸offenbaren, verraten, ⁹balb, sogleich, ¹⁰Unruhe, Unbehagen, ¹¹Unruhe, Besorgnis.

Cæsar ridiculed such fears; and when Calpurnia told him that comets had been seen in the sky, that ghostly shrieks had been uttered in the streets, and other such supposed warnings had been given, he said,—

“Cowards¹ die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.”

But though his courage was great, he sent to inquire what the augurs said regarding him; and when they bade him not stir forth that day, he suffered his wife to persuade him to let Mark Antony go to the senate-house and say he was not well enough to be present.

At that moment a Roman named Decius came in, to whom Cæsar said,—

“And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day:—tell them so, Decius.”

Calpurnia here interposed,² and bade Decius say that her husband was sick. But he would not permit such an excuse to be made for him, and cried,—

“Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell gray-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.”

Then Decius begged him to assign³ some reason for not going to the senate-house; for he said it would scarcely do⁴ if one of the lords should whisper that their meeting must be broken up till Cæsar's wife had better dreams, or that “Cæsar is afraid.”

Then Cæsar exclaimed,—

“How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed⁵ I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe,⁶ for I will go.”

¹ Feiglinge, ² to interpose sich einmischen, ³ bezeichnen, angeben, ⁴ genügen,
⁵ soll dreifilbig gelesen werden, ⁶ Toga.

A party of the conspirators now appeared, seeking to accompany Cæsar to the senate.

In a street near the Capitol there stood a man named Artemidorus, who had obtained some knowledge of the plot¹ against Cæsar's life, and who held in his hand a paper upon which he had written this warning:—

“Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind² in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,

ARTEMIDORUS.”

Having taken his stand in the way along which Cæsar had to pass, he resolved to hand this paper to him as if it had been some petition; there was a chance that he might open it, and so save his life.

Left alone in her home, Portia, the wife of Brutus, seemed strangely disturbed. At length she called the boy Lucius to her, and bade him run to the Capitol and bring word if his master looked well, and what Cæsar was doing.

The soothsayer who, at the festival of Lupercalia, had bidden Cæsar “beware of the ides of March,” now appeared before the house of Brutus, and Portia asked what he had been doing. He then told her that he was going to see Cæsar pass to the Capitol, for he meant to ask him to befriend himself.³

A great crowd had assembled; among whom were Artemidorus and the soothsayer, who both pressed Cæsar to read their papers as he passed by. But the conspirators also had arranged that one of their number should have ready a petition, and entreat that it might be read first.

“O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar”—

was the cry of Artemidorus. But Cæsar declared that the business touching himself must be last served;⁴ and so entered the Capitol with the warning unread.

¹Berschwörung, ²Gefinnung, ³to befriend begünstigen, als Freund behandeln, to befriend himself auf seinen eigenen Nutzen sehen. (Er wollte ihm etwas anraten, durch dessen Befolgung er sich selbst nützen würde.) ⁴befriedigen, abmachen.

When all the senators were seated, and the business of the State began, one after another of the conspirators rose, and kneeling before Cæsar, asked some petition of him; and when thus gathered round his person, it had been arranged that Casca should suddenly stab him in the neck. As he did this, Cæsar caught him by the arm; but the others then thrust him through with their daggers; and last of all Brutus, upon whom Cæsar turned a glance of wondering reproach, and, exclaiming "Et tu Brute!"¹ expired.

A great confusion ensued; amid which Cinna bade some one run and proclaim aloud in the streets—"Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!"

Brutus was anxious now to secure² the friendship of Mark Antony, who had been a great ally of Cæsar; and sent to beg him to come back from his house, to which he had fled, promising that no harm should be done him.

When Antony appeared, he said that if there was any scheme to procure his death, there was nowhere he would rather die than by the side of Cæsar. To which Brutus answered:—

"O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done.
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong³ of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar."

Antony presently shook hands with the party assembled round him; but his heart was sad, and he cried:—

"That I did love thee, Cæsar, oh, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer⁴ than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,

¹lateinisch: Auch du, Brutus! Die Einfügung dieser lateinischen Worte ist sonderbar; ihr historischer Ursprung ist nicht nachweisbar. ²sich versichern. ³das allgemeine Unrecht gegen Rom, ⁴inniger; als Adverb gebraucht.

It would become me better than to close¹
In terms² of friendship with thine enemies."

Cassius here said that he did not blame Antony for being a friend to Cæsar, but it would be well to know whether they might rely on him as of their party³ or not.

Then Antony said he was friendly with them all, if only they would give him some reason why Cæsar had been dangerous; and on this point Brutus promised that he should be abundantly satisfied.⁴

The next request Antony had to make was, that at the funeral of Cæsar he might be permitted to utter an oration in his honour. This Brutus granted; for he meant first to address the people himself, and give his reasons for committing the deed, which might appear a cruel one if unexplained.

Leaving the dead body in the hands of Antony, that he might prepare it for the coming rites,⁵ Brutus and Cassius, followed by the citizens, hastened to the Forum to give the reasons for which Cæsar had died. Ascending the rostrum,⁶ Brutus thus addressed the expectant people:

"Romans, countrymen, and lovers!⁷ hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe; censure⁸ me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer:—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition."

Then, having called on⁹ the people to speak out, and say if

¹ sich vereinigen mit, ² Bedingungen, Verhältnisse, ³ als zu ihrer Partei gehörig, ⁴ befriedigt, unterrichtet, aufgeklärt, ⁵ Feierlichkeiten, Begräbnisgebräuche, ⁶ Rednerbühne. Rostrum, a Latin word, in ancient Rome, an erection for public speakers in the Forum, adorned with the heads of ships taken in war; the platform from which a speaker addresses his audience. ⁷ = friends, ⁸ to censure tadeln, rügen, verurteilen, ⁹ to call on auffordern.

one among them would desire to be a bondman,¹ if there was one who would not be a Roman, or who loved not his country, they responded to him as with one voice—"None, Brutus! none!"

Here Antony and others brought in the dead body of Cæsar, but for some moments the tumult was such that he could not address the people according to the permission he had previously received from Brutus. Presently, however, there was silence: and Antony began to remind them how they had once loved Cæsar; then, declaring he had no desire to offend Brutus, asked them if he should read to them the will which his dead friend had left behind him.

Having thus excited their interest, he hesitated, saying that perhaps if he should read it they might be inflamed, and harm² would come of it.

This but increased the desire of the throng, who pressed close to Antony; and they insisted on the will being read to them, while they formed a ring round Cæsar's body.

Showing them the mantle which enwrapped that dead form, Antony reminded the people of the summer evening when Cæsar first put it on in his tent, after he overcame the Nervii;³ and then he cried:—

"Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent⁴ the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-belovèd Brutus stabbed;⁵
And as he plucked his cursèd steel away,⁶
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved⁷
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:—
Judge, O ye gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut⁸ of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart."

The feeling of the populace was now powerfully enkindled⁹ against Brutus and his party; and they declared they would avenge Cæsar's death, and burn, fire, kill, and slay. With wild cries they

¹ Sklave, ² Schaden, Leid, Übles, ³ ein Volk im belgischen Gallien, ⁴ Riß, ⁵ mit dem Dolche stechen, ⁶ to pluck away herausreißen, ⁷ um belehrt zu werden, um zu erfahren, ⁸ Stich, Stoß, ⁹ entzündet, angefeuert.

hurried to the houses of Brutus, Cassius, Decius, and the rest, to burn them to the ground: and confusion reigned throughout the city.

In his will, Julius Cæsar had adopted his great-nephew Octavius as a son: and many of the soldiers now gathered round him, and urged him to avenge his uncle's death: so a battle took place on the plains of Philippi,¹ wherein the conspirators were overcome.

Rather than be taken prisoner, Brutus forced his servant Strato to hold out his sword, while he ran upon it, and thus died. Finding his wounded and lifeless body, and hearing how he had met his end, Antony said:—

“This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.²
His life was gentle;³ and the elements⁴
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, ‘This was a man!’”

¹ Stadt in Macedonien, berühmt wegen der Niederlage des Brutus und Cassius durch Antonius und Octavianus, ²war einer von ihnen, ihr Genosse, ³gütig, milde, edel, ⁴die drei letzten Verse werden von Scherr (Litteraturgeschichte) sinnreich zur Gesamtcharakteristik Shakespeare's benutzt.



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